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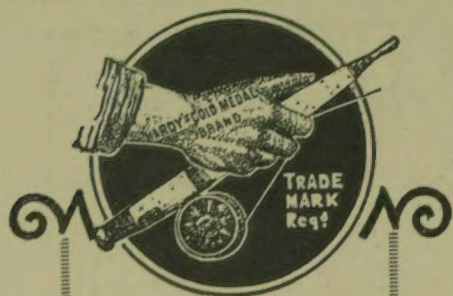
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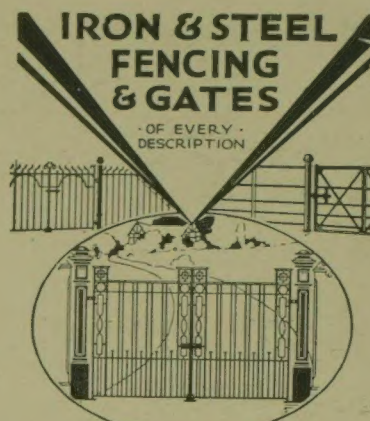
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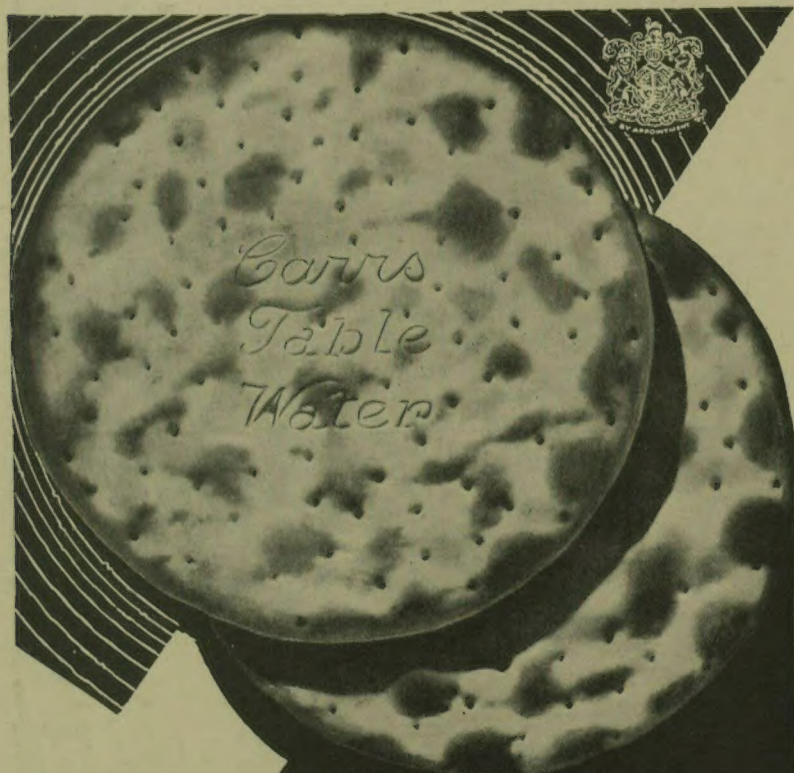
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Image for Holy Week Processions.



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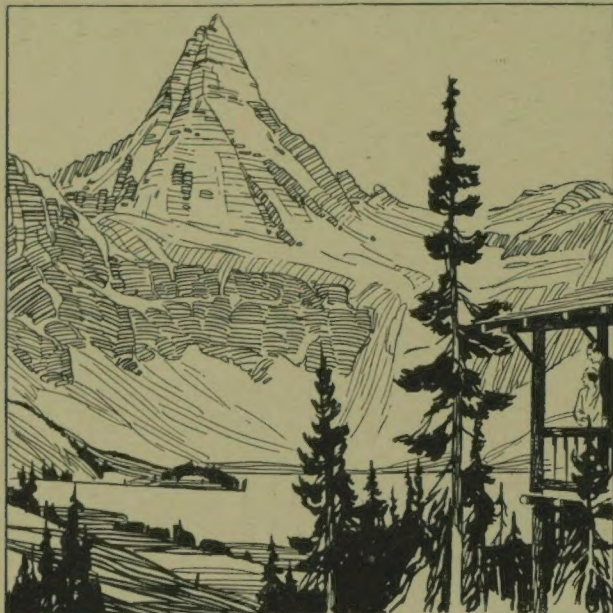
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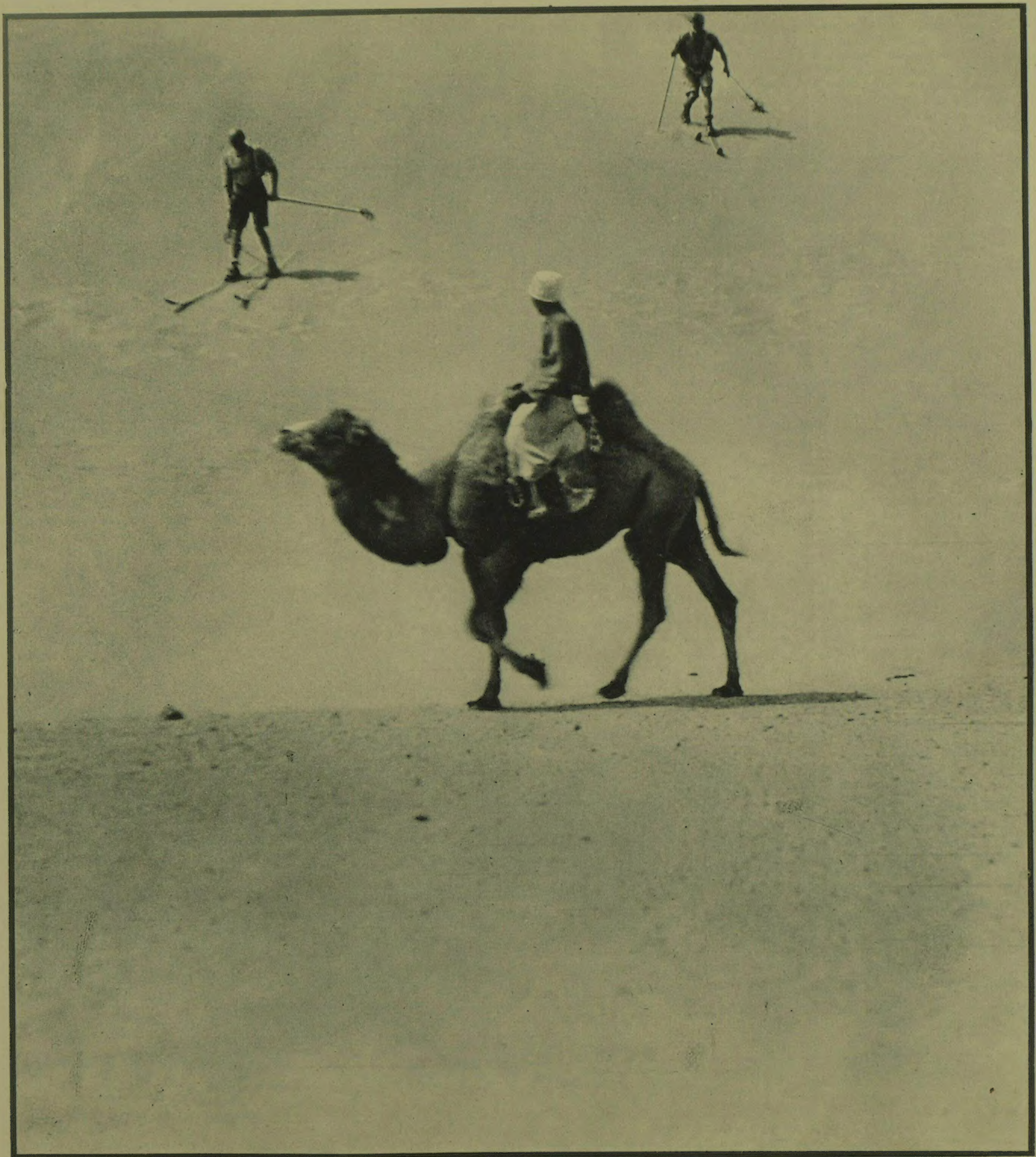
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SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1931.



SKI-ING ON SAND INSTEAD OF SNOW: A MODE OF LOCOMOTION ASSOCIATED WITH WINTER SPORT ADAPTED TO THE USES OF TRAVEL IN THE DESERT BY THE SVEN HEDIN EXPEDITION.

Ski-ing is generally associated with snow and winter sport, but, as the above illustration shows, ski can also be used on the sands of the desert. This photograph was taken during a recent expedition to the Far East led by Dr. Sven Hedin, the well-known Swedish explorer, who in the course of the journey visited

the Gobi Desert and various remote regions in China, Tibet, and Chinese Turkestan. Other photographs illustrating the expedition are given on pages 629, 630 and 631 of this number. The subjects include a ruined city near Turfan; Mongolian wrestlers; a "living Buddha"; and portraits of persons concerned in a Chinese murder.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SVEN HEDIN EXPEDITION—AKADEMIA.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IN the dear dead days, before the Deluge, we were told that all nations would soon be one nation and that all religions were already one religion. We were especially informed, in such discussions, that people used different names for the same thing. Since then we have sometimes discovered that people use the same name for different things. The illusion and the disillusion were notable, for instance, in the relations that were called Anglo-American, or sometimes (still more fatuously) called Anglo-Saxon. It was insisted that two nations had the same sturdy Saxon speech because they used the French word "depot" to describe two totally different objects. It was proudly proclaimed that both were using the golden speech of Shakespeare and Milton, because one talked of a trolley when he meant a truck, and the other talked of a trolley when he meant a tram. But this problem of two words with one meaning, or one word with two meanings, brings us into deeper difficulties than those connected with trams or railway-stations. I have noticed several times of late, for instance, that even those who do really agree might easily have appeared to disagree, through using the same word with a different meaning, even though it were not with a different moral. Thus, without accepting the full Shavian legend of the Chesterbelloc, I do roughly agree with most of Mr. Belloc's views on politics, especially foreign politics. And I do not think I disagree with the views he really advances about Europe and its component nationalities. But I notice, oddly enough, that he uses the two words Nationalism and Patriotism in exactly the reverse manner from my own: He uses Nationalism as meaning the ultimate absolute worship of The Nation; the only nation; our own nation. In that sense, the idea of The Nation might be more vividly called the idea of The Chosen Race. It is the idea that our own people is positively and objectively divine, and has a divine right to crush all other peoples. This is what Mr. Belloc now generally means by Nationalism. When he means the normal and healthy affection of every man for his own nation, he calls it Patriotism. Now, it so happens that I have always used these two words with exactly the opposite connotations. By Nationalism I meant, and mean, a general recognition of the right of all nations to be national; the right of other nations, and especially of small nations. I find it more confusing to call this Patriotism, because Patriotism, when it was rammed down my throat in the old Jingo days, always meant that the British Empire had a right to do everything and nobody else had a right to do anything. But Mr. Belloc and I do not disagree in thinking normal national claims just and abnormal super-national claims unjust. We only happen to use the words differently in trying to describe the same thing. He would blame Prussia in 1914 for indulging in Nationalism; I should blame it for violating Nationalism. But we should mean the same thing by the thought and exactly the opposite thing by the word. I merely give this as a personal and passing example of something I see every other day. Fortunately, Mr. Belloc and I know what we mean, and know what each other mean. But the double word is often a cause of wild confusion when the debaters are not friends but foes.

Here, for example, is another instance of very much the same thing; in the case of writers whom I respect sincerely, but do not know so well. I

notice that a number of very sane critics of what may be called the recent reaction are in the habit of using the word Romantic or Romanticism in a sense that happens to be quite different from mine. I do not say for a moment that mine is the correct sense; I am not at all sure, in the case of a word like that, that there is any correct sense. But they use Romanticism as meaning a sort of egoistic appeal to emotion, with all its consequent irresponsibility and anarchy. It is in this sense that the great French critic, Charles Maurras, condemns Romanticism. It is in this sense that Professor Irving Babbitt and Professor Paul Elmer More, the Humanists of the new American school, condemn Romanticism. And if that is what Romanticism means, I should most

of the word has a philosophical meaning, and I will even claim that it has a philological justification. Briefly, I have always meant by Romance something that may be stated thus. The belief that the simplified and symbolic version of life, which depicts it, under the image of love and war, as a quest with a prize (especially a princess), is nevertheless a true version of life; that is an enlightening symbol and a legitimate simplification. St. George must kill the Dragon, or the Dragon will kill the princess; that seems to me a truer picture of the aim of life and the lot of man than any realistic novel. That may fairly be called Romanticism; but it is almost the exact opposite of what the Humanists and the New Classicists mean by Romanticism. They mean the notion, not that St. George must kill the dragon, but that St. George may get drunk and dream about dragons; or that, if he drinks enough, he may look forward to seeing even larger snakes. This sort of sodden subjective delusion is what they mean by Romanticism, and in that sense all they say of it is both practical and profound. And yet I think I could make a case for my own use of the word being the correct one.

For my Romanticism is really founded on the Romances. I mean the tales that were normally called Romances, the books that Don Quixote read and Cervantes satirised. Doubtless they often deserved the particular condemnation of Cervantes. But they did not in the least deserve the particular condemnation of Maurras or More. Nor, I think, would critics so cultivated as Maurras and More apply that particular criticism to those particular books. The old Romance of Chivalry, which told the story of Guy of Warwick or Amadis of Gaul, was indeed rather rambling, not to say bewildering or boring, in the matter of its literary form, and might, in that sense, be called formless. But the Romance of Chivalry was not morally formless; still less morally lawless. In the matter of moral symbolism, like all medieval things, it was very formal. Even the monotony we might find in it was largely due to its being always on the same moral pattern. Most certainly it was never on the highly immoral jazz pattern of the sort of subjective self-justification which the classical critics now call romantic. The Red Cross Knight was never supposed to follow the False Princess merely because he felt inclined, or to linger in the Bower of Bliss because it was comfortable; still less to keep out of the way of the Dragon because it was safe. Guy of Warwick did not betray his lady-love whenever his mood changed, nor Amadis of Gaul his sovereign whenever there was a new political movement. The Knight Errant was never so Errant as all that, however much medieval moralists might admit that it was human to err. Practically all old romances were built upon a plan of promise or obligation: there was a vow, or there was a quest, or there was, at any rate, a test. In

short, there was the very thing that the Humanists and the Classicists want. There was the very thing that they find lacking in the modern Romantics. But they will always find it in the ancient Romances. For the basis of all such stories was, broadly speaking, that there was a King who sent forth a Knight to fight something or find something or rescue something; and by the royal judgment his conduct was ultimately to be judged. And this is, in my judgment, an extremely realistic story, and exceedingly like Life.



THE SEVENTH TREASURE TO BE ISOLATED AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A TUNIC CHARACTERISTIC OF A FASHIONABLE WOMAN'S DRESS IN THE LATE ELIZABETHAN AGE.

The first treasure chosen under the new scheme by which a week's special prominence is given to some particular object at the Victoria and Albert Museum was illustrated in our issue of March 7. In subsequent issues we showed each of the following selections in turn. The tunic here presented is the very latest. It is described as follows: "This tunic, bought for £20 in 1900, is a characteristic example of a fashionable woman's dress of the late Elizabethan age. It is of fine linen and richly embroidered with gilt and bright-coloured silk threads in chain, buttonhole, and plaited braid stitches. Floral patterns with scrolls containing birds, animals, and insects are found in illuminated manuscripts of earlier date, and also in the borders of illuminated charters of Queen Elizabeth and James I., as well as in wallpapers. Stubbes describes such embroidery as: 'needlework clogged with silk of all colors with birds, fowles, beasts and antiques purtrayed all over in comlie sorte,' and says 'the women also there have dublets and jerkins, as men have heer, buttoned up the brest, and made with wings, welts and pinions on the shoulder points, as man's apparel is for all the world.' This tunic, consequently, seems to have undergone alteration about the neck and shoulders in later times."

By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. (Crown Copyright Reserved.)

heartily and ferociously condemn Romanticism. But I may fairly point out that there was another connotation or colour for the word Romanticism; or, at any rate, for the word Romance. And it was in this other sense that I have often written of the romantic; have valued and praised the romantic; nay, have not resented with any proper spirit the charge of being myself romantic. For practical purposes, of course, it was often only a way of avoiding the craven stigma of being realistic. But my use

ACROSS ASIA WITH SVEN HEDIN: DESERT TRACKS AND RUINED CITIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SVEN HEDIN EXPEDITION—AKADEMIA.



ON CAMEL-BACK IN THE WILDERNESS: MEMBERS OF DR. SVEN HEDIN'S RECENT EXPEDITION TO THE FAR EAST, INCLUDING CHINA AND THE GOBI DESERT, TIBET, AND CHINESE TURKESTAN, CROSSING THE SANDY WASTES OF CENTRAL ASIA.



A SCENE OF GREAT ATTRACTION TO THE ARCHÆOLOGISTS OF DR. SVEN HEDIN'S ASIATIC EXPEDITION: RUINS OF AN ANCIENT CITY AND TEMPLES NEAR TURFAN, IN CHINESE TURKESTAN, WHERE VERY INTERESTING EXCAVATIONS HAVE RECENTLY BEEN CARRIED OUT.

In an account of Dr. Sven Hedin's recent Expedition to the Far East (illustrated also on the front page and pages 630 and 631 of this number) we read: "The expedition, using camels, small Asiatic ponies, and Ford cars, has explored the most inaccessible parts of unknown China, the Gobi Desert, and the highlands of Chinese Turkestan and Tibet, and some members of the party penetrated to the heart of China in the Nan-Chan territory. The expedition staff included scientists of every kind. The geographers and geologists were chiefly interested in Pamir and the Himalayas, while the anthropologists sought traces of prehistoric man in the Nan-Chan territory, and the meteorologists and astronomers established observatories and meteorological stations in the steppes of Turkestan. In Tibet

an immense collection of botanical and zoological specimens was obtained, and in the Gobi Desert the archæologists made sensational discoveries representing the most remote past of China." The results of this new kind of conquest of Asia (carried out by various explorers in recent years) have been many-sided. Particularly interesting, for example, was the discovery of a library, perhaps the oldest in the world, in the Desert of Gobi, containing no fewer than 3200 manuscripts. The material collected about China's prehistory promises surprising results. The manuscripts discovered relate to wars of the Han Dynasty (about 1000 B.C.) against the Mongols. Remains of walls, fortifications, villages, and even canals afford fresh proof of the high antiquity of Chinese civilisation.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

DURING the last few days I have been browsing with deep content on a biography which, for anyone essaying to discuss "books of the day," has a very special significance, recording as it does the career of one to whom we literary scribes looked up, for many years, as to the high priest of our craft and brotherhood. I refer, of course, to the "LIFE AND LETTERS OF SIR EDMUND GOSSE," By the Hon. Evan Charteris, K.C. Illustrated (Heinemann; 25s.). The biographer, it seems to me, has performed his task with excellent judgment and considerable self-repression, for, except in the early chapters, he allows his subject, to a great extent, to speak for himself in his own letters. The comparatively short links of narrative which Mr. Charteris supplies to preserve continuity are written with understanding and felicity. It is a work of endless interest to a bookman, for Gosse in his long life knew every writer worth knowing. He died in his eightieth year (in 1928), so that the story of his manhood almost amounts to a personal record of English literary society in the last six decades. His earlier acquaintances included Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Stevenson, and Thomas Hardy, but as time wore on he made many new literary friendships, among the younger generation, and one of his most charming characteristics was his sympathetic attitude to his juniors. "No appeal to Gosse," we read, "could be made in vain. He was an unrivalled counsellor in literary matters; he would take endless pains to give advice and encouragement. He was out to help, and for that end would lay aside work of his own or sacrifice his leisure."

While as a reader I revel in so congenial a book, a reviewer must approach with some diffidence the subject of a master of reviewing. Estimating Sir Edmund Gosse's reputation as a critic, his biographer recalls that he was a pioneer in English of the literary *causerie*, which has largely supplanted the heavier type of criticism. Writing of him in 1879, Mr. Charteris says: "The criticism which touches lightly through the medium of analogy and allusion, which gossips and becomes confidential and aims at accelerating enjoyment, was beginning," and Gosse was already one of its accredited spokesmen. The band of writers to which he belonged sought to please and charm by their style, to 'gossip in a library,' or give the reader 'Silhouettes,' 'Kit-Kats,' and 'Profiles' rather than the body and deeper substance of their authors. . . . It was beginning to be recognised that criticism of contemporaries was immensely more readable if the critic wrote with first-hand knowledge of his author." In these colloquial disquisitions, an occasional lapse from faultless fact was forgivable, and Gosse easily survived (though fretted at the time) the vindictive mandibles of Churton Collins, soothed by Tennyson's consolatory remark that Collins was "a Louse on the Locks of Literature."

In a later passage Mr. Charteris gives an admirable appreciation of Gosse's characteristics as a writer and his claims to remembrance. "However high Gosse may rank as a critic, it must be in a different category and under another tradition than that of Hutton, Matthew Arnold, and Leslie Stephen. We are often told that Gosse is seldom profound. But if the extent of the territory through which he ranges be visualised, if we consider the charm and interest he has added to the study of literature and the shrewd animation with which he has infused so great a variety of topics, the temptation to place him in company with the foremost English critics is not easily to be resisted. In one branch of literature, at any rate, he has few rivals. As far back as 1879 he had written to Stevenson: 'I think I should make a good biographer, of any man, that is, whom I loved. For all the little fire-side ways that distinguish men from one another are easily observed by my temperament.'"

Apart from literary matters, an interesting chapter is that revealing Gosse's reaction to the war (expressed best in a letter to Thomas Hardy) and his glimpses of high politics during the crisis of August 1914, obtained through his friendship with Lord Haldane. In the life of a man of letters, who was sixty-five when the war began, the "events" belong rather to the realm of thought than of action, and the chief "milestones" are changes of employment. Among notable episodes of Gosse's career are his early epistolary duel with his father on religion (recorded in his own book, "Father and Son") and his successive appointments—first in 1867, at the age of eighteen, to the Cataloguing Department of the British Museum (at a commencing salary of £90 per annum); secondly in 1875, as a translator at the Board of Trade, at £400 a year; and thirdly, in 1904, as Librarian to the House of Lords at £1000 a year.

It was on the strength of the Board of Trade appointment that he was able to marry, his bride being Miss Nellie Epps, one of whose sisters was the wife of the painter Alma Tadema. The wedding took place on Aug. 13, 1875. There is no account of the actual ceremony under the date of its occurrence, but there is an allusion to the honeymoon in a letter (given near the end of the book) written by Sir Edmund Gosse to Mr. John Drinkwater more than fifty years later—that is, in 1926. I mention this letter because it has strong personal interest for me, for family reasons. "My dear John," writes Gosse, "Your publishers have sent me your *Book for Bookmen*. I am a Bookman, if ever there was one, and I have been reading it with infinite profit and delight. . . . But there is one statement that fills me with amazement and (unless there is some mistake) would seem to be one of the strangest coincidences possible. Look at page 175 of your book. On the 16th of

I give above to my Wife, who confirms it in all particulars. It made a great impression upon us. I should like to know what you conclude about it." I can corroborate the fact that my father-in-law died (at Plymouth) on August 15, 1875, but I have no information on the point raised by Sir Edmund Gosse, and I should be greatly interested to know the truth of the matter. Unfortunately, his biographer does not supply a note to elucidate the point.

Turning now from literature to the stage, I find myself in the presence of a delightful *raconteur* in "CANDIED PEEL": Tales Without Prejudice. By Kinsey Peile. With a Preface by Nigel Playfair. Illustrated (A. and C. Black; 12s. 6d.). This is one of the books which gladden the reviewer's heart, for it enables him to combine business with pleasure—a combination which, believe me, is by no means invariable. The book contains more good stories to the square foot than any other of its type that I have yet encountered. The author's experiences have been unusually varied and not confined to the boards. He was born in India, where his father was a Royal Engineer. Here he spent his early childhood, and, after school-days in England, returned thither for another two years. Later he entered the Army and joined the Welch Regiment. His duties took him to Ireland, and several chapters are devoted to social life in Dublin and later in London. It was at this period that, during a long leave, he went to Scotland for his marriage to Miss Marion Kerr. Owing to a difficulty in obtaining married quarters at Tipperary, where his regiment had been ordered, "being young and impulsive," as he puts it, he resigned his commission and returned to London, where his wife was presented at Court. That was in the days of Queen Victoria.

About this time Mr. Peile's thoughts were directed towards theatrical matters by his producing an amateur opera. The immediate cause of his becoming an actor is, I should think, probably unique. "It was my doctor," he writes, "who gave me the idea of going on the stage professionally. I happened to meet him in the street and told him I wasn't feeling very well. He looked at me and said: 'There's nothing the matter with you, except want of work. Why don't you do something?' I answered: 'I should like to, but what?' 'You like acting. Why on earth don't you go on the stage!' he suggested. I thought the matter over seriously for some days, and decided I would try and take his advice." The first show in which he appeared professionally was "Blue-Eyed Susan," produced by George Edwardes at the Prince of Wales's, with Arthur Roberts as chief comedian. Later he fell in with George Alexander, and appeared with him and Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "The Masqueraders," by Henry Arthur Jones, at the St. James's, afterwards going on tour with the company and appearing before the Queen in a Command performance of "Liberty Hall" at Balmoral. Mr. Peile's subsequent experiences included a friendship with Sarah Bernhardt and a meeting in Paris with the dancer Mata Hari, then all-unconscious of the fate in store for her.

Another episode throws an interesting light, incidentally, on the methods of a famous author. Mr. Peile had dramatised Rudyard Kipling's story "The Man who Was," and went with Tree, who produced it at His Majesty's, to read the play to Mr. Kipling at his Sussex home at Burwash. "I was so engrossed with my reading," he says, "that, until it was finished, I didn't notice a peculiarity about the room. In the centre stood a large deal table, which had evidently been most carefully planed down to ensure a very smooth surface. On this surface I saw numerous scraps of writing, notes, and scribbles in pencil—the entire surface was almost covered. I concluded that Mr. Rudyard Kipling used this table as his writing-block, and I presume that when it was covered entirely with his writing, it was planed down again for further use."

Another notable book of theatrical interest is "THE RUSSIAN BALLET," 1921-1929. By W. A. Propert. With a Preface by Jacques Emile Blanche and forty-eight illustrations (Lane; 30s.). Here, in an imposing quarto, beautifully illustrated, we have a record—literary and pictorial—of the wonderful series of productions by M. Serge Diaghileff, an æsthetic dictator who left no immediate successor to carry on his work. The recent announcement of a season of Russian Opera and Ballet at the Lyceum, however, may possibly prove to be a step on the way to resuscitation. Be that as it may, this volume is a worthy memorial of a great artistic achievement. C. E. B.

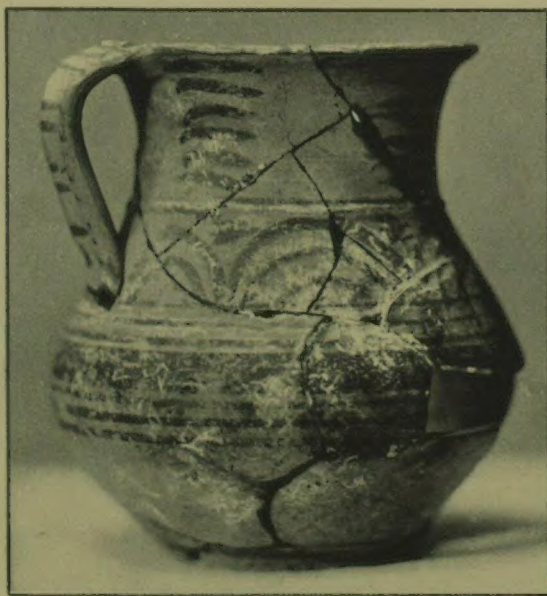


PREHISTORIC MASONRY IN MINORCA RESEMBLING, IN METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION, THE NEOLITHIC WORK OF THE MALTESE TEMPLES: THE WALL ENCLOSING THE TAULA AT TRAPUCO.

The previous state of knowledge regarding the prehistoric remains of Minorca (prior to Miss Murray's excavations, described and illustrated on the opposite page) is extensively discussed in "The Balearics and Their Peoples," by Frederick Chamberlin, F.S.A. (Lane). The author quotes Sir Wallis Budge's opinion that "the *talayots* are pyramids of a funeral nature, and that the *taulas* are altars for sacrifices or other funeral ceremonies." Writing in 1927, Mr. Chamberlin adds: "I offer the suggestion that a determined exploration of some *talayot* sites be made, especially under the lowest stones, where, I believe, no systematic investigation has ever been made; the problem of the *talayots* is to-day as if it had never been studied. I know of no such other opportunity in the whole world for notable work in archæology." Miss Murray has evidently taken that opportunity.

Photographs by Miss M. A. Murray. (See her Illustrations and Description opposite).

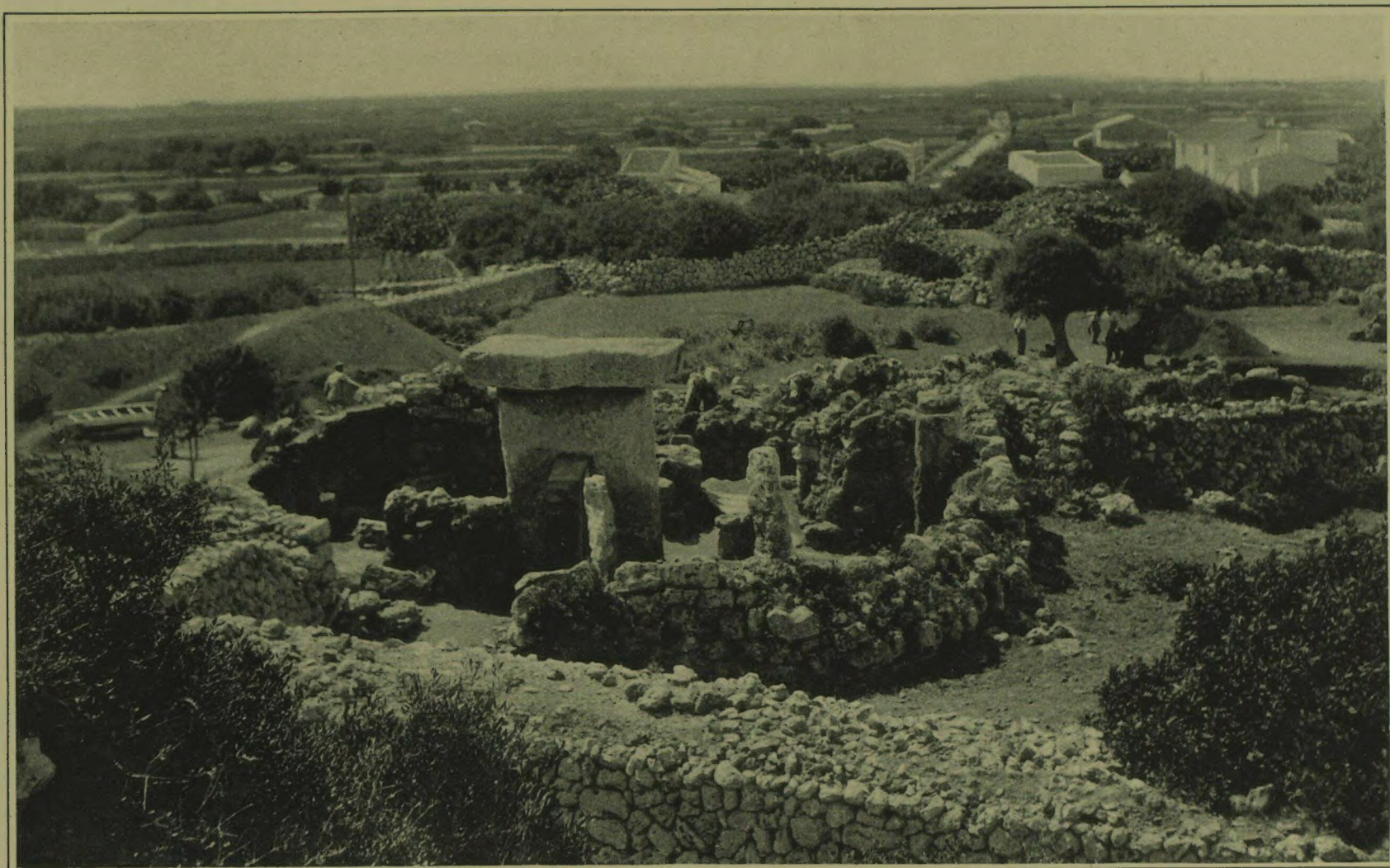
August, 1875, my Wife and I, being on our wedding-journey, drove from Clovelly to Bude. It was a wild morning of storm. We turned a little aside at Hartland, intending to call and pay our respects to Mr. Hawker, but, on approaching the confines of Morwenstow, heard the passing bell,



A DISCOVERY DURING THE EXCAVATIONS OF NEOLITHIC BUILDINGS IN MINORCA (ILLUSTRATED OPPOSITE): PAINTED IBERIAN POTTERY OF A TYPE HITHERTO UNKNOWN IN THAT ISLAND.

and, stopping to enquire, were told that the news of the Vicar's death on the preceding day had just reached the village. Now, is it possible that T. Hardy made the same vain attempt at the very same time? It seems barely credible. Or did I tell you of our experience and have you transferred it to T. H.? I have just shown the account

BREAKING NEW PREHISTORIC GROUND: UNIQUE MEGALITHS OF MINORCA.



THE FIRST EXCAVATIONS, ON ANY LARGE SCALE, OF MEGALITHIC REMAINS IN MINORCA, ONE OF THE BALEARIC ISLANDS: A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF NEOLITHIC BUILDINGS OF A TYPE PECULIAR TO THIS ISLAND—THE *TAULA* (TABLE) AT TRAPUCO WITHIN ITS ENCLOSING WALL, SEEN FROM AN ADJACENT *TALAYOT* (ROUND TOWER) BELONGING TO THE SAME SITE.



A TYPE OF MEGALITHIC STRUCTURE THAT HAS HITHERTO BEEN FOUND ONLY IN THE ISLAND OF MINORCA: THE *TAULA*, OR STONE TABLE, AT TORRETA, AFTER EXCAVATION.



THE TRAPUCO *TAULA* EXCAVATED: A VERTICAL SLAB 16 FT. HIGH BY 9 FT. WIDE (CUT WITH DIAGONAL LINES) SET INTO A GROOVE IN THE BED-ROCK, THE HORIZONTAL STONE FITTED BY A MORTISE-AND-TENON JOINT.

The interesting photographs given above and on the opposite page illustrate pioneer archaeological researches conducted recently in Minorca by Miss M. A. Murray, Assistant Professor of Egyptology in the University of London. In offering them to us for reproduction, she states that she is the first person to do any serious excavations in the island. In a further explanatory note Miss Murray writes: "The megalithic remains of Minorca have never before been excavated, on any large scale, until permission was granted by the Spanish Government to the Ethnological Museum of Cambridge to excavate two sites—Trapuco, near the town of Mahon; and Torréta, in the north-east part of the

island. On each site the megaliths consist of *talayots* and one *taula*. A *talayot* is a round tower; and, though the use is uncertain, such structures are found elsewhere. A *taula* is, as its name implies, a table; it stands within a walled enclosure, and is often the centre of a group of *talayots*; the *taula* is peculiar to Minorca. The stone has been worked by stone tools and is usually hammer-dressed—showing that the megaliths were set up in the Neolithic period. The finds consist chiefly of pottery, as the enclosure was used as a rubbish-pit in the Late-Bronze and Iron Ages. Much light will be thrown on the pre-history of the Western Mediterranean by the study of these discoveries."



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE LOGGERHEAD TURTLE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," etc. (See Illustrations opposite.)

A FEW days ago I was shown two small loggerhead turtles which had been caught off Cardiff quite recently. Such an event is indeed unusual, and by no means easy to account for. But it is worth noting that the loggerhead turtle (*Thalassochelys caretta*) is a widely-distributed species, since it inhabits not only all the tropical and inter-tropical seas, but also the Mediterranean. It is, indeed, the only species resident in European waters, though other species, like the leathery and green turtles, are occasionally stranded on our shores. The question, then, arises as to whether these two from Cardiff were carried up by currents along the coast of Portugal and so into our waters, or whether they were brought by the Gulf Stream? There we must leave the matter, for there is no means of deciding one way or the other.

Though the loggerhead cannot provide us with that most delectable of "meats," "turtle soup," nor specimens of the much-coveted "tortoise" shell—which is formed by the hawk-bill turtle, and not by a tortoise—it is an extremely interesting reptile. And this because, among other things, it differs from all other turtles in the extreme variability in the number and size of the horny plates which cover the carapace, or back-shield. A detailed account of the modes of this reduction would make but dull reading, and would further necessitate the study of elaborate diagrams. Let it suffice to say that in this species, as in all other members of the tortoise and turtle tribe save the "leathery turtle" (*Sphargus*), two series of these plates are to be distinguished—a median row, known as the neurals, because they cover the tops of the neural spines of the vertebrae, or what is left of them; and a row on either side known as the "costals." There may be as many as eight neurals and eight costals, or they may be reduced to six neurals and five costals. What is the underlying cause of this reduction is not known.

In the young loggerhead, again, the carapace is marked by three keels, formed by a row of nodules just indicated in the accompanying photograph. The adults have a perfectly smooth carapace. These keels, we may take it, are reminiscent of more ancient adult characters, which now only present a temporary appearance. These, no doubt, are rather technical points. Yet they are interesting, because they show us transitional stages in a process of slow transformation: that way "Evolution" works. But these curious changes in the form and number of the horny plates of the back-shield gather an even greater interest and become invested with a greater mystery, since these plates differ entirely from the horny scales which cover the bodies of lizards, wherein they are intimately related to the underlying muscles of the back. For in these turtles the plates are adherent to a bony shield. What, then, governs these changes of form and number?

The first impression, probably, that will be made after a glance at the accompanying photograph (Fig. 1) is that it is just a photograph of a turtle. That, indeed, is quite true. But what is a turtle? Here, again, we are faced with the fruits of Evolution.

It would be possible to make a very long story indeed out of the evolution of a turtle; but on this page long stories are impossible. Briefly stated, then, a turtle is an aquatic tortoise. No one, surely, will find any difficulty in conjuring up a mental image of the slow-moving, stump-footed tortoise crawling about in the garden. But how, some may ask, can the transformation from this creature into the turtle roaming at large over the oceans of the world come about?

Happily for us, an intermediate stage is to be found in the water tortoises, of which there are many

feet gradually grew longer and longer, till we get the "flipper" of the turtle.

A similar transformation of the fore-limb can be seen in the flippers of those long-extinct "sea-dragons," the Ichthyosaurs and the Plesiosaurs—and yet other extinct aquatic reptiles—and the flippers of the penguins, the sea-lions, and the whale tribe. Externally, these flippers present a striking similarity. When, however, their internal structure comes under examination, profound differences are manifest. Concerning these, I may not now speak, for they demand more space than is possible to find for them. For

the moment, it is enough to draw attention to the moulding effect of like physical conditions, which have produced a superficial uniformity out of very different materials.

What space is now left to me must be devoted to a few brief comments on the carapace, or back-shield, of the water tortoises and turtles. This is a heritage from their land-dwelling ancestors, though how and why they developed this is a mystery. But it is to be noted that in some species the "usefulness" of the shield is beginning to wane. At any rate, not only have the horny plates disappeared, a leathery skin replacing them,

but the underlying shell is also in process of reduction; so much so that in the genus *Trionyx* we find only the central area of the bony shield embedded in a great leathery shield. And a like degeneration has taken place in the "plastron," or bony armature of the under-surface. This is very complete in the land tortoises and turtles, but in these "soft tortoises" it is very imperfect.

A very curious result has followed this degeneration of the bony skeleton of the ventral surfaces. It would seem as if the reduction to a few splints of bone had been carried too far, and so, in some species at any rate, with advancing age a secondary revival of the bony tissue takes place in the form of ossifications in the skin underneath the degenerate splints. The evolution of the marine turtles has not gone so far as in those ancient sea-dragons, the Ichthyosaurs and Plesiosaurs, since they have to come ashore to lay their eggs.

Fortunately, they are very prolific. An old female loggerhead, taken on the coast of Belgium in 1894, contained 1150 eggs. The green turtle, which provides the turtle soup for aldermanic banquets, lays about 150 eggs, scooping a deep pit in the sand, above high-water mark, with incredible speed by means of her flippers. As soon as the last egg is deposited, the sand is pushed into the hole and pressed down, leaving no trace of the treasure beneath. The eggs of the turtle, by the way, have soft, parchment-like shells, like those

of snakes. But the water tortoises and the land tortoises lay hard-shelled eggs, with polished surfaces. By way of contrast in the matter of fecundity, it may be mentioned that the "Greek tortoise," specimens of which are so commonly kept as pets in gardens, lays no more than four eggs. Here is a theme which may well be discussed on some other occasion.



FIG. 1. AN UNUSUAL VISITOR TO BRITISH WATERS: A YOUNG LOGGERHEAD TURTLE—ONE OF TWO WHICH WERE RECENTLY CAUGHT OFF CARDIFF.

The arm and fore-arm are concealed within the shell. The hand, from the wrist outwards, forms the really efficient part of the flipper. The knee of the hind-limb is just level with the tip of the flipper. The skull of this specimen measured $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The adult may exceed $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet in length.

species. These creatures present a half-way stage, or rather a series of stages, between the two types. For some may be described as possessing "hands" and "feet," since they display very distinct fingers and toes, which is more than can be said for most of the land tortoises. These, however, have developed their extraordinary "stump-like" legs and feet by adjustment to their particular environment,

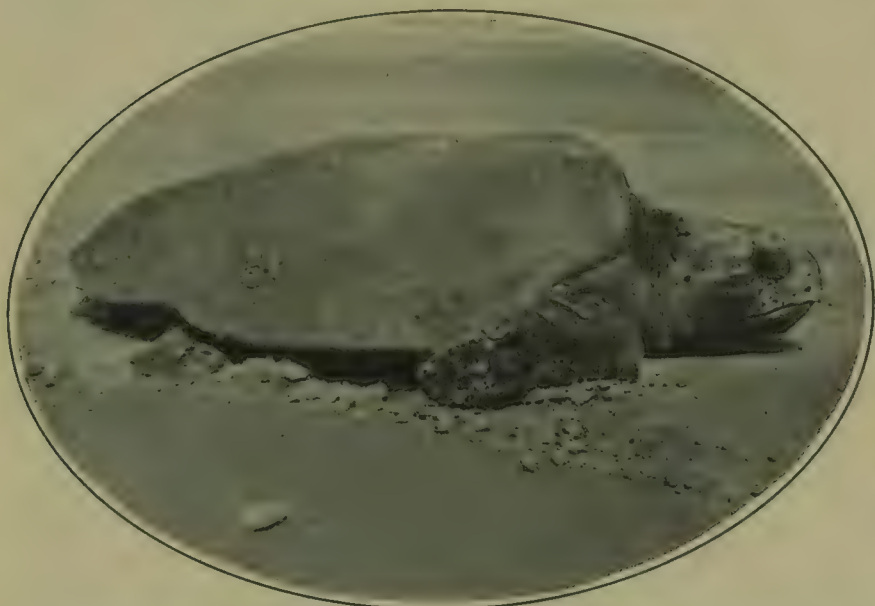


FIG. 2. A YOUNG LOGGERHEAD TURTLE: THE ATTITUDE OF SWIMMING.

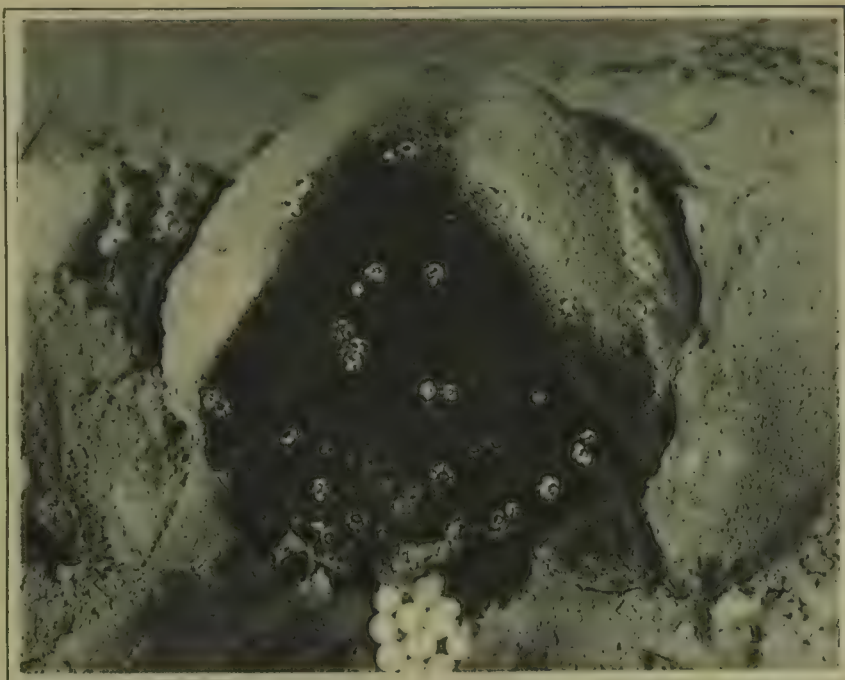
The animal is seen as if swimming and exposing the lower surface. The flippers are here shown close up to the sides. The hind-legs are quite small, and differ but little from those of water tortoises.

generally far from water. As some of the ancestral, less "specialised" or less "modified" forms migrated to marshy ground, and later into the pools found there, so the feet became adjusted to the peculiar stimuli set up by swimming. The toes slowly became webbed; and, as their descendants gradually spread from the pools and rivers to the estuaries, and from the estuaries into the sea itself, so the toes of the fore-

NATURE-STUDIES EXTRAORDINARY: THE NESTING OF THE LOGGERHEAD.



A FEMALE LOGGERHEAD TURTLE MOVING UP FROM THE SEA TO LAY HER EGGS IN SAND: THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN AT NIGHT.



A LOGGERHEAD TURTLE DEPOSITING HER EGGS IN A HOLE DUG IN THE SAND: SHOWING HOW HER CARAPACE IS STUDDED WITH BARNACLES AND MARINE GROWTHS.



AFTER LAYING HER EGGS: THE TURTLE, HAVING COVERED IN THE EGGS WITH HER REAR FLIPPERS, OBLITERATES ALL TRACES OF THE NEST WITH HER FRONT FLIPPERS, BEFORE LEAVING IT AND RETURNING TO THE SEA.



DEMONSTRATING THEIR NATURAL SENSE OF DIRECTION: NEWLY HATCHED TURTLES STRUGGLING FROM THE SAND AND THEN MAKING STRAIGHT FOR THE SEA.



A FEMALE TURTLE RETURNING TO THE SEA AFTER HAVING PERFORMED HER MATERNAL DUTIES: THE HABITS OF A SPECIES OF WHICH THE MALES NEVER COME TO LAND.



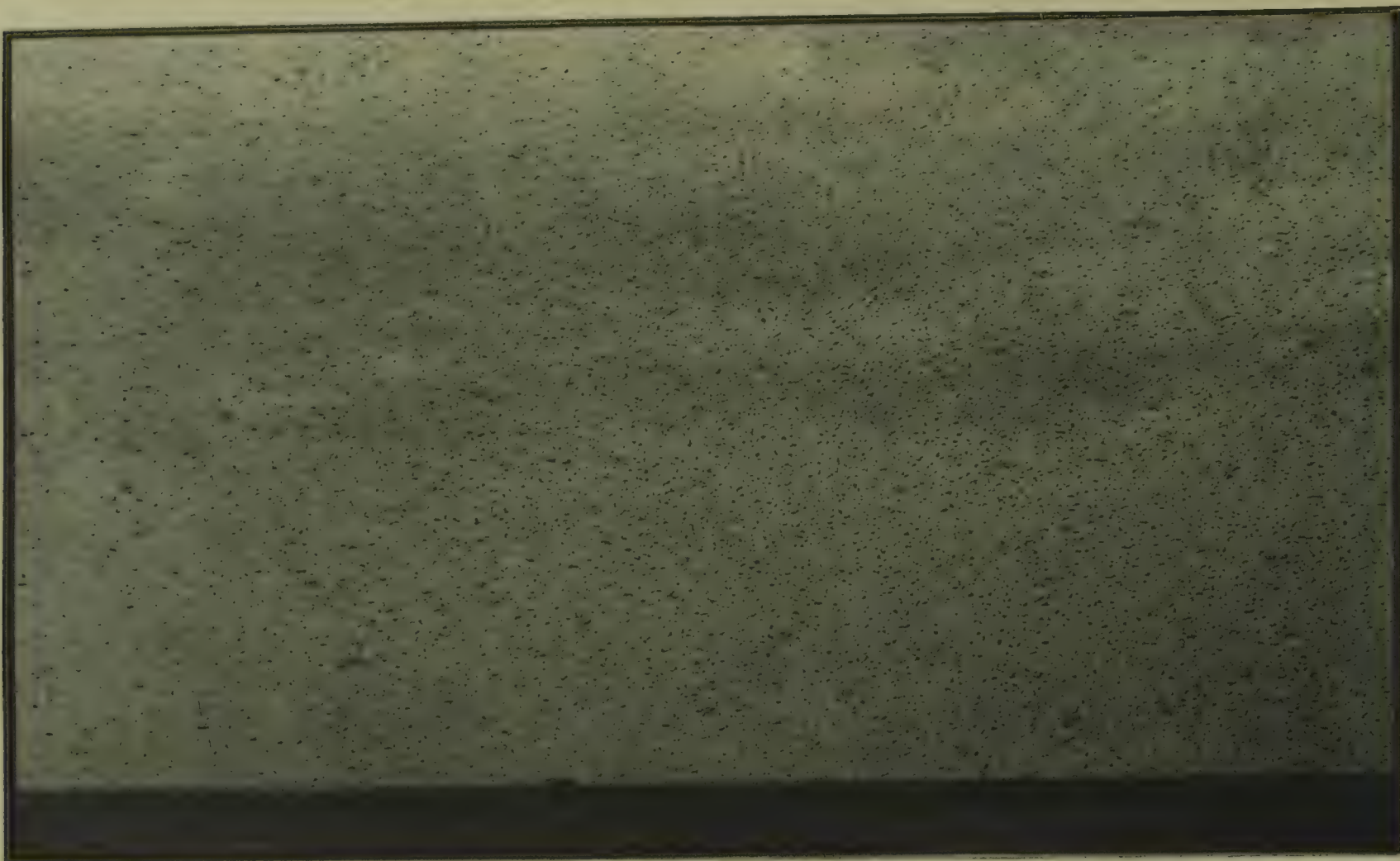
A TURTLE "DERBY" ON A LONELY ISLAND: PICCANINNIES RACING WITH A NUMBER OF FEMALE LOGGERHEAD TURTLES ON THEIR WAY BACK TO THE SEA AFTER HAVING LAID THEIR EGGS AND HIDDEN THEM IN THE SAND.

To supplement Mr. Pycraft's article on the opposite page, we give the above photographs of loggerhead turtles. This turtle (*Thalassochelys caretta*) is one of the giants of the sea, and one of our few remaining links with prehistoric ages. In winter time the loggerheads feed in the shoal waters of the Bahamas and along the reefs at the edge of the Gulf Stream. Early in May they leave their winter feeding grounds and arrive off the coast of Florida, Georgia, and the Carolinas. Soon after the full moon in May the females come ashore at night to lay their eggs. Their nest is about nine or ten inches in diameter, and about twenty inches deep. The entire digging is done with the two rear flippers,

which neatly excavate alternate "handfuls" of sand and throw it clear of the hole. When the nest is full of eggs the turtle fills the opening with sand, using her rear flippers to pack it down firmly. As soon as the hole is well covered, she scatters sand with her fore flippers, obliterating all traces. It is only to lay that the females come ashore (the males never leave the sea), and this is one of Nature's remarkable phenomena, that these mothers never see their nests, eggs, or young; for incubation takes about sixty days. When the little turtles hatch they struggle to the surface and set off for the ocean, and no amount of turning makes them lose their sense of direction.

NATURE-STUDIES EXTRAORDINARY: MYSTERIES OF MASS MOVEMENT.

UPPER PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL L. HOEFLER. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF "ASIA" MAGAZINE.



"WHAT IS IT THAT GUIDES SUCH AN AERIAL EVOLUTION?" A VAST SWARM OF LOCUSTS DARKENING THE SUN, MOVING WITH PRECISION ALONG A DEFINITE COURSE, THE WHOLE SWARM SOMETIMES CHANGING DIRECTION AND TURNING TOGETHER, EITHER FOLLOWING A LEADER OR OBEYING SOME COMMON INSTINCT—A PROBLEM IN MASS MOVEMENT AMONG INSECTS.



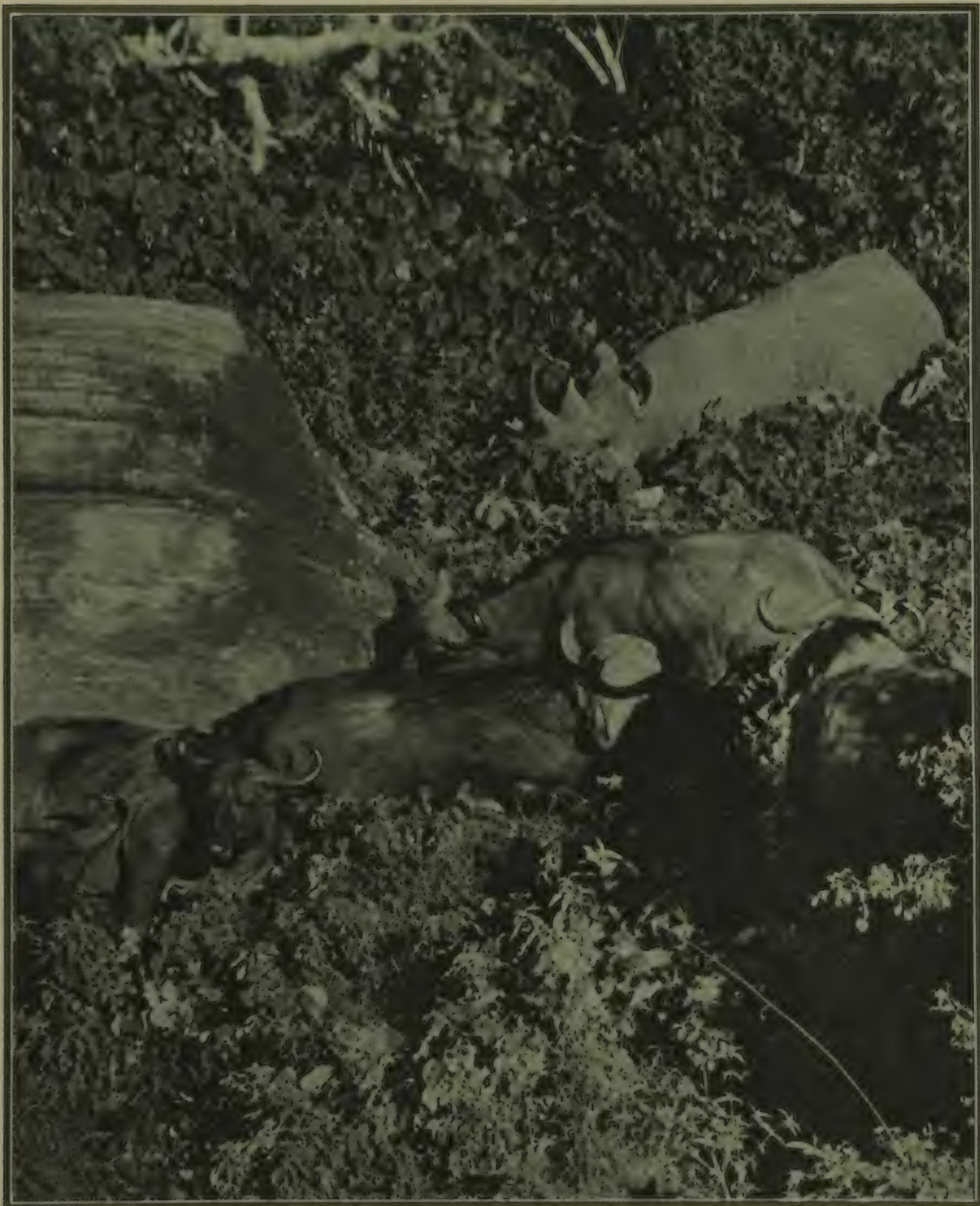
FISH IN "MILITARY FORMATION": A "BATTALION" OF ADULT TROUT SOME TWO HUNDRED STRONG, DRAWN UP AS THOUGH ON PARADE IN REGULAR LINES, STATIONED ALONG SMALL RIDGES CAUSED BY RIPPLES ON THE GRAVELLY FLOOR OF A POOL.

These photographs illustrate interesting examples of mysterious mass movements observed among insects and fish respectively. Describing the swarm of locusts, Major R. W. G. Hingston writes (in "Asia"): "When the locusts take to the air, the sky becomes alive with glittering wings, closely packed where the cloud is densest, but crowded even at the outskirts. Off the locusts go along a definite course, an immense army darkening the sun. Their movements are conducted with excellent precision. Sometimes the whole swarm changes direction, turning in a common mass. What is it that guides such an aerial evolution? Do those insects flying in advance make the first movement and the others follow in

obedience to their will? Or do all wheel by some guiding instinct that permeates the swarm? . . . What guides we cannot tell."—More striking still are the serried ranks of fish in the lower photograph, which reaches us from New York. An accompanying note says: "It shows about 200 adult trout on dress parade. The photographer refused to tell how he made the fish pose in military formation. Most fishermen, however, know that a trout, when resting on a creek bed, always heads up-stream. The fish in this photograph are doing that. The water at this particular spot ripples over the gravelly bottom, and the lines of trout are in accordance with the miniature ridges formed on the floor of the pool by ripples."

NATURE-STUDIES EXTRAORDINARY: BUFFALO AND "RHINO" AS NEIGHBOURS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. MARCUSWELL MAXWELL. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



NEW EVIDENCE ON THE DISPUTED QUESTION OF FRIENDLINESS OR DISLIKE BETWEEN BUFFALO AND RHINOCEROS:
A PHOTOGRAPH SUGGESTING PEACEFUL AND NEIGHBOURLY RELATIONS—CONTRARY TO GENERAL OPINION.

Mr. Marcuswell Maxwell is one of the most distinguished of big-game photographers, and our readers will no doubt remember the many magnificent examples of his art, representing various species of the larger African animals in their native wild, which have been from time to time reproduced in previous numbers of "The Illustrated London News." He describes the remarkable photograph given above as "a hurried snapshot of resting buffalo and a grazing rhinoceros in a forest glade." It is well known, of course, that buffalo are among the most dangerous of big game to approach at close quarters, owing to their ferocity and also their cunning in stalking pursuers, and from that point of view alone this

picture, taken at such close range, constitutes a unique feat. Above and beyond these considerations, however, the photograph has a very special interest as throwing new light on a disputed point regarding what might be termed the "international politics" between different "provinces" of the animal kingdom. "Many arguments have arisen," writes Mr. Marcuswell Maxwell, "as to whether Rhinoceros and Buffalo are friendly; the general consensus of opinion apparently pointing to the conclusion that where Rhino come in, Buffalo go out. This photograph rather points to the opposite view, for in this case there was actually a family of three Rhino grazing peacefully amongst about thirty Buffalo."

NATURE-STUDIES EXTRAORDINARY: BITTER WARFARE IN THE WATERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL UNGER.



A NOTORIOUS "FISH OF PREY" IN ACTION: A PIKE DARTING SWIFTLY FROM ITS HIDING-PLACE TO SEIZE THE UNSUSPECTING VICTIM WHICH HAS BEEN MISLED BY ITS ENEMY'S LOG-LIKE POSE.



A LITTLE FISH ATTACKED BY A TERRIBLE PARASITE: A BITTERLING (*RHODEUS AMARUS*) WITH LEECHES ATTACHED TO IT BY THEIR SUCKERS AND DRAWING ITS LIFE'S-BLOOD.

That notorious "fish of prey," the pike, which is exceedingly destructive to trout, carp, and other fresh-water fish, to say nothing of water-birds, water-mammals, frogs, and leeches, contrives, for all its activity in food-seeking, to lead a comparatively "sedentary" life; and it will rest log-like in order the better to surprise unsuspecting victims. Once it darts, no other fresh-water fish excels it in rapidity of motion.—The leeches seen in the second photograph are true leeches, which usually prefer warm-blooded animals; while the so-called horse-leech is harmless and feeds on small worms, snakes, and so forth.—One trembles to think what an animal disarmament conference would say to the *Dytiscidae* water-beetles seen in the third illustration! Encased in horny armour, these living submarines need fear no enemies, and they attack boldly



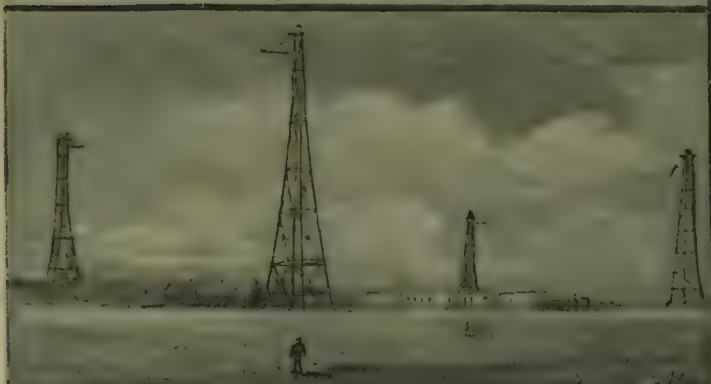
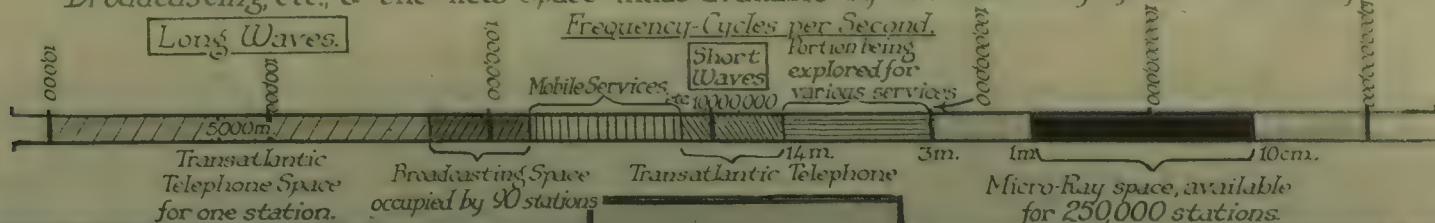
FIERCE SUBMARINE WARFARE: A FISH MERCILESSLY ATTACKED BY TWO *DYTISCIDÆ* DIVING BEETLES, WHICH CLING TO THEIR VICTIM THAT THEY MAY DEVOUR ITS LIVING FLESH.

frogs, newts, or fish. Their prey is not necessarily killed; for the beetle simply clings on and makes a meal off the living flesh. But, unlike the craft which perplex statesmen, this "submarine" can fly as well as submerge! Often it leaves the water during the summer (always at night), and travels far and wide, seeking fresh hunting-grounds or, perhaps, a mate. It is evidently attracted by the gleam of water under the stars or moon, and then it closes its wings and drops precipitately, to become a submarine once more. But Man is the bane of this terror of quiet ponds and streams, as of many less ferocious creatures. Glass roofs or greenhouses with the moon shining on them have a passable resemblance to stretches of water. The poor beetle closes its wings and drops—to crash on the glass and stun or, it may be, kill itself.

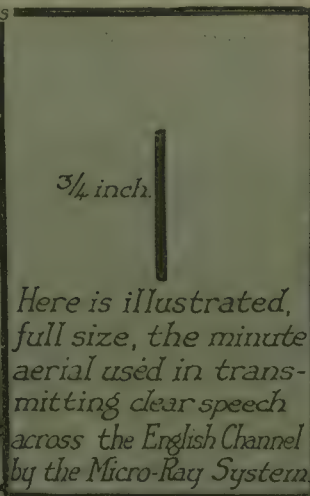
250,000 RADIO STATIONS IN A VERY RESTRICTED ETHER-SPACE !

Drawn by Our Special Artist, G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY THE INTERNATIONAL TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH LABORATORIES.

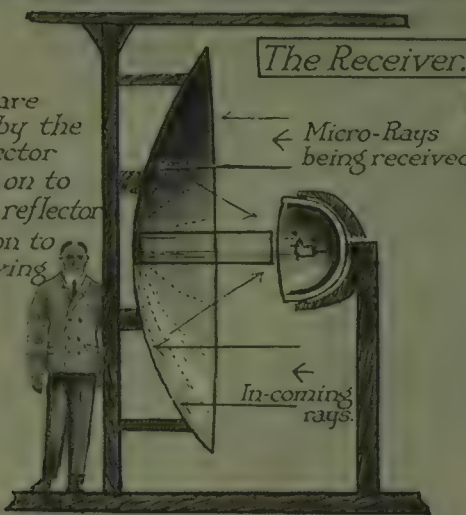
Here is diagrammatically shown in measured Ether Vibrations, the comparative spaces used for Radio Telephony, Broadcasting, etc., & the new Space made available by the discovery of the Micro-Ray.



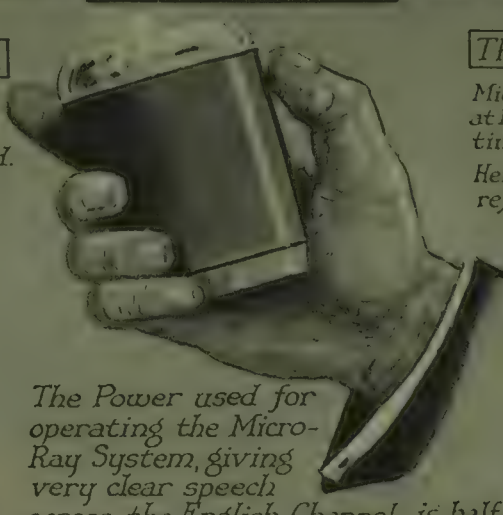
Here are shown the long & lofty Aerials now required for Medium-Wave Broadcasting.



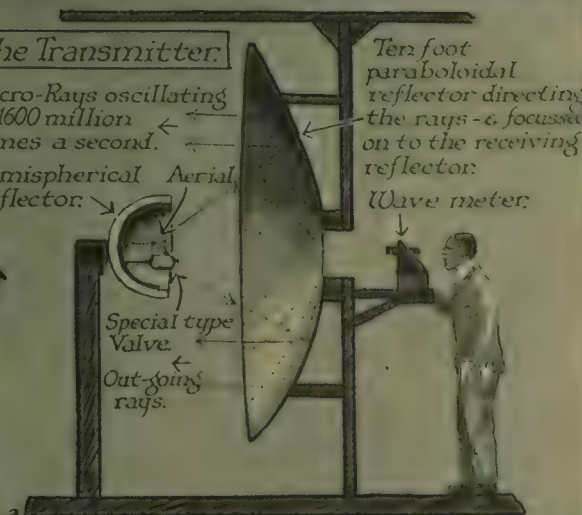
The great Generators of a modern Broadcasting Station - Compare this with small amount of Power used by the Micro-Ray.



The rays are received by the large reflector & thrown on to the small reflector & thence on to the receiving valve.



The Power used for operating the Micro-Ray System, giving very clear speech across the English Channel, is half a watt, just sufficient to light a flash lamp bulb.



The Transmitter.

Micro-Rays oscillating at 1600 million times a second.

Hemispherical Aerial reflector.

Special type Valve

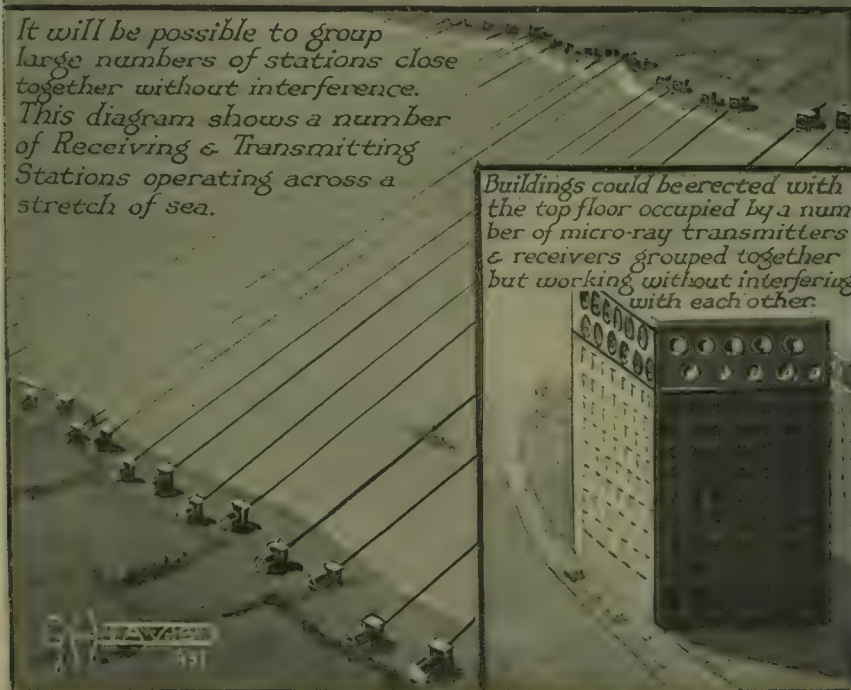
Out-going rays.

Ten foot paraboloidal reflector directing the rays & focussed on to the receiving reflector.

Wave meter.

The Rays are transmitted from the Transmitting Reflector to the Receiving Reflector across the English Channel in the form of a highly concentrated Beam, unaffected by Rain or Fog & not subjected to "fading".

It will be possible to group large numbers of stations close together without interference. This diagram shows a number of Receiving & Transmitting Stations operating across a stretch of sea.

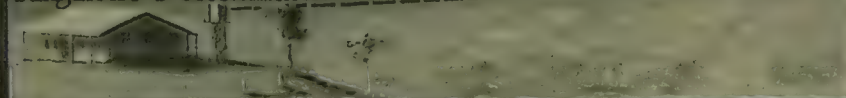


Buildings could be erected with the top floor occupied by a number of micro-ray transmitters & receivers grouped together but working without interfering with each other.

Some present-day methods of employing the Micro-Ray. Intercommunication of a secret nature between warships of a fleet at sea without interference from the enemy.



The small amount of power required by the micro-ray makes it a useful means of communication between remote colonial bungalows & settlements.



The micro-ray not being affected by climatic conditions, would be of considerable use in lighthouse work.



The development of television is at present held back by the amount of room it requires on the ether.



In the new space now opened up by the micro-ray there would be ample room for television transmissions.

EXPLOITING A "NO MAN'S LAND" FOR RADIO COMMUNICATION: THE MICRO-RAY, WHICH PERMITS INNUMERABLE TRANSMITTERS TO BROADCAST WITHOUT INTERFERENCE.

Successful radio-telephony demonstrations have recently been made between England and France with transmitting and receiving aerials only about three-quarters of an inch long and using a power of half a watt—just sufficient to light a flash-lamp bulb. After the great wave-lengths and lofty aerials to which we have become accustomed, commercial radio on such a Lilliputian scale seems almost incredible. Reflectors some ten feet in diameter, directing a special ray oscillating at one thousand six hundred million times a second and focussed from the transmitting reflector on to the receiving reflector, play a most important part in the functioning of this new wonder of the wireless world. The experiments showed that wave-lengths in the range between 10 and 100 centimetres can now be used for commercial radio-telephony in that region of the ether hitherto known as the "No Man's Land" of radio, where it is possible to employ nearly a

quarter of a million micro-ray transmitting stations without causing any mutual interference. To-day some ninety European broadcasting stations have to be accommodated on a comparatively narrow space in the ether, with resultant overcrowding and interference; but in the new space now usable by the micro-ray stations there is no prospect of ether-congestion for years ahead. Apart from its obvious applications in a world communication network like the International system, the use of micro-rays, which are not affected by climatic conditions, will greatly extend the value of lighthouses, aid communication between ships at sea, assist aerial navigation, and have a hundred other useful applications. While this successful demonstration has already proved the practicability of the micro-ray, further refinements are being carried on in order to prepare the system for the everyday commercial use which is so advisable.

—ARABIA, WHERE THE PRINCES RIDE AT NOON.—

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"ALARMS AND EXCURSIONS IN ARABIA": By BERTRAM THOMAS.*

(PUBLISHED BY GEORGE ALLEN AND UNWIN.)

IF Mr. Bertram Thomas needs any introduction, Sir Arnold Wilson supplies it in his Preface to "Alarms and Excursions in Arabia": "The writer of this book was one of the most talented of

"bureaucratic government, staffed by the native inhabitants," and the only alternative was "a veiled rule through the tribal shaikhs." "At this time our presence alone was sufficient to compel inter-tribal peace." And the tribes had flourished and waxed fat on their immunity from attack; "they decked their women with fine gold and rearmed themselves with modern rifles," the spoils of the battlefield. "Arming," says Mr. Bertram Thomas, "is a point of honour throughout tribal Arabia; every tribe has its hereditary enemy, a past to revenge, a blot on its escutcheon to redeem, its individual standing to maintain, some *haqq* (right) or other to preserve or to pursue."

Shaikh Badr certainly gave a great deal of trouble. For a moment he seemed

it slowly to the leg of the chair of those to whom he was making submission.

"I am of no more count than a *shabana* [common soldier] of your Militia," he said.

"Then, rising to his knees: 'You have put down the mighty from their seat'—this in the spirit of the old megalomaniacal Badr. But he had said enough."

As District Officer Mr. Thomas took part in the Mesopotamian insurrection of 1920. Until the promulgation of the Anglo-French Declaration, "which appeared to endow Nationalist activities with a moral cause and a stimulus," "the bulk of the people of Mesopotamia had been resigned to, and content with, British Administration." They had been prepared to "kiss the hand you cannot strike off." But now, the idea of "complete and final enfranchisement" having got into their heads, the Arabs thought they "had only to flout authority and the British would remove themselves."

Flout it they did. "The early months of 1920 passed pleasantly enough in Baghdad. . . . There were the Pleasant Sunday Afternoons of Miss Gertrude Bell, after the usual Sunday morning ride, often taken with that eager, distinguished woman herself." The "political intelligentsia" of Baghdad attended Miss Bell's symposia, and "the young Arabs expressed



DOMESTICITY IN ARABIA: A TYPICAL HOUSE OF PALM FRONDS.

Reproduced from "Alarms and Excursions in Arabia," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. George Allen and Unwin.

the younger Political Officers in Mesopotamia during and after the war, and served in a similar capacity in Trans-Jordan, before being selected to fill the responsible post of Financial Adviser and Wazir to His Highness the Sultan of Muscat and Oman. He showed courage and resource in circumstances of much difficulty and great danger during and after the war in Mesopotamia: the record of his work in Oman, on which the pages of this work incidentally throw but a modest light, is of extraordinary, indeed of unique, interest.

"He is, I believe, the first Englishman to hold the position of Prime Minister in an independent Arab State: in this capacity he gained the entire confidence both of the Sultan, my friend Sir Saiyid Taimur bin Faisal, and of the Council of State." His relations with the turbulent leaders of the Arab tribes of the Oman littoral enabled him to perform, during his period of office, two very remarkable journeys over territory hitherto completely unknown. . . . He is, at the moment of writing, engaged on a voyage of exploration of even greater interest and considerable peril.

"I commend these breezy narratives with confidence to the reader who desires, as we all should desire, to know something of the life that is lived to-day by a race not less intelligent, not less happy, and not less interesting than our own. As we read these pages we may see the caravans and hear the tinkle of the bells on the roads beyond the towns, on precipitous mountain-tracks, and beside the desert edge. We may see the peasants working in the date-groves, the armed men levying tribute from the villages, with as little remorse as fisherfolk from the sea; the Sultan holding his Court, and the tribes milking their camels."

Mr. Bertram groups his experiences into five "Adventures," the first being a punitive expedition against the Marsh Arabs in the spring of 1918. "All was well in the Muntafiq marshes save for the non-submission of a single powerful Shaikh, one Badr bin Rum-aiyidh, and he, troublesome fellow! was a constant source of unrest. 'Submission?' he queried. 'Submission? Though it be for every other Shaikh in this war-stricken land, yet for me: Never!' And he fingered the trigger of his 1912 pattern Mauser with an old desert warrior's fondness."

The Arab tribes had profited greatly from the presence of the British in Mesopotamia. Our main objective was to destroy the Turk; and this purpose was best achieved by maintaining tranquillity among the tribes. This tranquillity, experiment proved, could not be obtained by

disposed to treat; he asked Dickson, the Political Officer of the Muntafiq, to meet him in the open plain; they were both to come unarmed. Rather quixotically, and against the advice of his own loyal Arabs, Dickson went. At last Badr appeared, with a cavalcade of eighty horsemen. It looked like a trap, and Dickson protested against the shaikh's apparent breach of faith. But Badr only laughed, kissed Dickson on both cheeks, and suggested a further meeting on the morrow. But on the morrow he was far away. More than a year passed before "he decided at last to test the quality of British mercy." His surrender was unconditional. "Bending down, he removed his head-dress, and in the manner of the country tied



WITH HIS STOCK-IN-TRADE: A REFORMED ARAB SLAVE-DEALER.

Reproduced from "Alarms and Excursions in Arabia," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. George Allen and Unwin.

their convictions about the politics of the day."

From these agreeable surroundings Mr. Thomas was called away by the menacing behaviour of the Shatrah tribes. Shatrah had "never seen so much as a squad of British soldiers" when Mr. Thomas (to his great delight) was sent there for a second term of service. "My authority came, therefore, from the reflected prestige of our resounding victories that had swept the Turk from the land, and our good name for honest dealing. I was the only Englishman in a district of perhaps 130,000 souls." His nearest colleagues were respectively 24 and 36 miles away. As the spirit of rebellion spread, his position in Shatrah became more and more isolated and difficult. "But Shatrah must keep the flag flying: that was my *raison d'être*." In the sixth week of Mr. Thomas's hazardous administration there arrived at breakfast-time a "notable"—an enormous figure of a man in whom "Nature's normal lines seemed somehow awry, and I soon realised that a foreign body of sorts lay concealed beneath his bulging *abba*." After a speech of welcome, "he produced from beneath the ample folds of his mantle an enormous and ornate marble clock of the presentation kind which occupies a central position on the mantel-shelf."

The scene in which Mr. Thomas declines the proffered gift (a delicate business, since its rejection was a cause of shame to the intending donor) is very entertaining. Mr. Thomas has an excellent verbal memory; all the fragments of dialogue between himself and the Arabs are delicious, and his book owes much of its charm to them.

[Continued on page 662.]



AUTHOR OF "ALARMS AND EXCURSIONS IN ARABIA": MR. BERTRAM THOMAS ON HIS FAVOURITE CAMEL.

It will be recalled that it was announced towards the end of February that Mr. Bertram S. Thomas had succeeded in crossing the Rub 'al Khali, the unexplored Great Sandy Desert of Southern Arabia, a feat described in a paper read before the Royal Geographical Society as "the first and greatest step towards the final elucidation of the riddle of the sands." For this remarkable journey, and for his geographical work in Arabia in general, he has been awarded the Founders' Medal of the Royal Geographical Society. Mr. Thomas, who is under forty, is Prime Minister to the Sultan of Muscat and Oman, the ruler of an independent Arab State. Formerly, he was a Political Officer in Mesopotamia and also in Trans-Jordan.

Reproduced from "Alarms and Excursions in Arabia," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. George Allen and Unwin.

*"Alarms and Excursions in Arabia." By Bertram Thomas. With a Preface by Sir Arnold T. Wilson. Illustrated. (George Allen and Unwin; 15s. net.)

AN EARTHQUAKE-WRECKED CAPITAL "UNLIKELY TO BE REBUILT": MANAGUA.



PART OF THE SMOKING RUINS OF MANAGUA AFTER THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE SAID TO HAVE DESTROYED PROPERTY IN NICARAGUA TO THE VALUE OF ABOUT £15,000,000: AN AIR PHOTOGRAPH OF THE DEVASTATED CITY TAKEN FROM A SLIGHTLY LOWER ALTITUDE THAN THAT REPRODUCED BELOW, AND SHOWING THE RUINS IN GREATER DETAIL.

THE CAPITAL OF NICARAGUA AFTER THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE IN WHICH MORE THAN A THOUSAND PEOPLE ARE SAID TO HAVE BEEN KILLED AND OVER FIVE THOUSAND SERIOUSLY INJURED: AN AIR VIEW OF STRICKEN MANAGUA—COMPLETE DESTRUCTION IN A RESIDENTIAL QUARTER OF THE CITY.



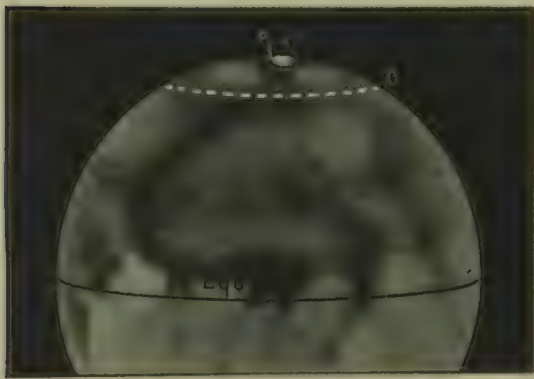
The earthquake at Managua, the capital of Nicaragua, on the morning of March 31, though it lasted only a few seconds, was extremely violent and destructive. The first reports stated that the city had been almost completely destroyed and scarcely a house was left standing, while fire broke out immediately and spread rapidly, adding greatly to the loss of life. Most of the houses were one-storey structures, but many larger buildings were destroyed. The British and American Legations were wrecked, though the staffs were reported to have escaped. Further shocks occurred in the evening and the following morning. Martial law was proclaimed, and order was preserved by the National Guard and the U.S. Marines. Relief work was at once organised, and American aircraft played a large part in

bringing surgeons and medical stores. It was difficult to estimate the number of dead, for bodies were burned as soon as found to prevent an outbreak of plague. On April 4 it was stated that the total was estimated at 1000, and by some U.S. Army officers at a much higher figure, while the number of people seriously injured was given as 5000. The value of property destroyed in Nicaragua was calculated at about £15,000,000, and it was stated that Managua itself was unlikely ever to be rebuilt. The truce arranged after the earthquake between the rebels and the combined forces of the National Guard and U.S. Marines expired on April 11, and fighting was resumed two days later, when the rebels effected an ambush at Logtown.

AN EXPLORER OF MARS: HIS IMPRESSIONS.

THE PLANET THAT IS MOST LIKE THE EARTH—AND MAY ENJOY "A VERY TOLERABLE TEMPERATURE"—AND VEGETATION.

Translated from an Article by M. LUCIEN RUDAUX.



MARTIAN POLAR SNOWFIELDS WHICH ALMOST DISAPPEAR IN SUMMER: A DIAGRAM SHOWING THE VARIATIONS IN SIZE OF THE SOUTHERN POLAR CAP. In the winter solstice the southern Martian Polar Cap extends as far down as the 60th parallel of longitude (dotted line C). In summer it is reduced to a white speck (C') which does not exactly cover the South Pole (P). M. Lucien Rudaux observes in his article that Martian explorers, if they exist and attempt, as ours have done, the conquest of the Poles, would have an easy task before them.

M. Rudaux is well known to our readers as an astronomer-artist: doubtless they will recall, for example, the extremely interesting diagrams by him which we reproduced recently on the occasion of the eclipse of the moon. We here print the conclusions reached by him after examinations of the planet Mars—always a subject of popular curiosity, from its proximity and similarity to our own planet, and increasingly worthy of the attention of astronomers as telescopes attain nearer to perfection and enable us to determine with greater certainty the nature of its surface. He embodies his deductions made here about the Martian landscape and the appearance of the planet in a series of remarkable paintings which will be found reproduced on the opposite page and on page 644.

MARS is incontestably the planet which, without being exactly similar to our own, differs less from it than any other of the worlds known to us. Could we be transported thither we should find before our eyes many a landscape reminiscent of localities on the earth; and, in spite of some odd-seeming details, we might be excused for thinking that we had never left the earth at all. Let us attempt to form an idea of how they would appear to us.

The first thing that would strike us on our arrival in Mars would be the effects of its small size. It is actually a great deal smaller than the earth; for, while our own planet has a diameter of 7927 miles, Mars measures only 4200 miles through, and is, therefore, seven times smaller in volume. These conditions, aggravated by the relatively low density of the constituent elements of the Martian globe, would have the curious effect of reducing our weight on the surface of Mars to a third of that which we here support. Thus a human explorer who weighed a moderate eleven stone on the earth would have, on "disembarking" on Mars, the curious sensation of weighing only some four stone. But, as the explorer's muscular force would remain intact, he would find himself capable of carrying an enormous quantity of baggage, and of moving about by bounds that would seem to him nothing short of prodigious.

Let us now consider the character of the landscapes that would there meet our eyes. Taking them as a whole, they would probably be devoid of striking features, for we are not aware that there are any high mountains on the surface of Mars. Ranges of hills, undulating valleys, and, above all, wide plains that might be either arid or marshy, are the types of scenery which predominate. The liquid element, although it exists in the Martian world, forms no watery expanse which would be comparable to our oceans. The most that we could expect is certain great depressions which would be the sites of lakes; for circulation of water of a sort exists there, to judge from the meteorological changes that have been observed. A watch kept on these regions, which make great dark patches on the surface of the planet, reveals remarkable variations; certain among them which show a lovely green in summer turn grey or dark-brown as autumn comes on. Here the hypothesis which best fits all conditions is that we are looking, albeit confusedly, at areas in which sufficient moisture is present to sustain vegetation of a sort;

and that the yearly alterations of this vegetation are observable, obviously without our being able to get an exact idea of the species that grow there. None the less, to be able to establish its existence is a matter of sufficient importance.

Bordering regions such as those already described are immense areas which seem, unlike them, to be entirely sterile; to have the desert characteristics typical, say, of the Sahara. That at least is the best explanation which can be given of the parts coloured yellow, orange, or dark-red which, predominating on its surface, give the planet its striking hue. It is a remarkable fact that the details of the areas on their edges, as well as the formations that lie next to them, have a way of fading, even of disappearing at times, as though they were obscured by vast yellow veils. This supports the theory of their being great desert tracts whence dust-clouds capable of hiding the details of the ground from us may be raised by movements of the atmosphere. There is, therefore, nothing rash in giving to a reconstruction of one of these desert regions the character it has in the colour reproduction which will be found on page 644, or deciding, on the other hand, upon the nature of the landscape in one of the marsh zones that are divided into areas of indeterminate vegetation that is necessary to explain the variations which these regions show in colour and in other particulars.

If these landscapes present, as no doubt they do from the conformation of the land, a somewhat monotonous appearance, they also outline themselves in a light slightly different from that to which we are accustomed on earth. In the first place,

the light on them would seem to us perceptibly fainter, for the reason that the greater distance they are from the sun lowers the total amount of radiation they receive by half. Are we to conclude that our Martian traveller would derive therefrom a prejudicial impression? It is difficult to make any categorical statement on this head. Certain qualities of the Martian atmosphere cannot be estimated by us; but, as its density is low and it is extremely dry, we may be excused for supposing that the absorption of solar radiation is lower there than it is in our own—so frequently disturbed! Whence the sun's diminished disc may well shine out brightly, in a highly transparent atmosphere, where the least diffusion of the light would give the sky a dark and sombre aspect, though little obscured by visible clouds. Again, there is reason for giving the mean temperature there as very tolerable



THE SUN SEEN FROM THE EARTH (LEFT); AND AS A MARTIAN WOULD SEE IT (RIGHT).

Although the sunlight on Mars would seem somewhat faint to a person used to terrestrial conditions—the greater distance of the sun diminishing the radiation of its disc by about half—the sun itself would probably be seen to shine out very clearly in the thin atmosphere of the planet, which has a greater transparency than ours and is less obscured by clouds.

in broad daylight; for, although it is not possible to estimate it exactly, the various facts observed must be correlated with influences connected with solar heat. We know that the polar snows actually melt almost in their entirety in summer; a fact which, in passing, must facilitate the task of Martian explorers, should they exist, and attempt, as ours have done, the conquest of the Poles. For all that, the temperature must always drop heavily at night, because of the general dryness of the atmosphere. We may recall the conditions at high altitudes, where one is roasted in the sunlight and frozen in the shadow.

An allusion to the alternation of day and night (the same as on earth, though some minutes slower) leads us to envisage the Martian's celestial spectacles. The transparency of the sky favours their contemplation. We should find our attention drawn principally by two little moons, the closer of which exhibits a movement so rapid that it passes through all its phases in 7 hours 39 minutes. So, as it goes with a speed that is greater than the rotation of the planet, it is seen to rise in the west and set in the east, contrary to other stars, only remaining above the horizon for four-and-a-half hours at the Equator. These two satellites are so close—the first having a mean distance of 3750 miles from Mars, the other that of 12,500 miles—that the curve of the planet's globe renders them invisible, and they remain hidden below the horizon for the inhabitants of all latitudes above 69° 30' and 82° 30' in the northern and southern hemispheres respectively.

But, if these moons look minute in the Martian heavens, quite the contrary is true of the planet itself, as seen from the first of them, for example. It shows as a disc of colossal proportions, nearly a hundred times as large as the moon looks to those on the earth. Like every globe lit by the sun, Mars presents phases, which in this case would succeed one another with great rapidity, from the speed at which the satellite in question revolves round him. Such a spectacle as this would be calculated to excite our admiration to the very highest degree. When next our gaze falls on Mars—a shining point of light lost in space—we may allow ourselves to think of this point as another earth, not much different from our own.



THE COMPARATIVE DIMENSIONS OF THE EARTH (ABOVE) AND OF MARS: THE TWO GLOBES; THE LESSER WITH THE MARTIAN GREEN AND BROWN AREAS AND A POLAR CAP.

The small size of Mars would bring it about that an eleven-stone terrestrial "explorer" who landed upon it would find that he only weighed some four-stone, and that he could easily move about in prodigious leaps.



'THIS GLOBE WE GROAN IN, FAIREST OF THEIR EVENING STARS': AN ASTRONOMER'S CONCEPTION OF THE TWILIGHT SKY AS IT WOULD APPEAR TO AN OBSERVER ON MARS SHOWING THAT PLANET'S TWO TINY AND RAPIDLY-MOVING MOONS, AND (TO RIGHT OF THE NEARER ONE) THE EARTH GLITTERING LIKE A BRILLIANT "STAR IN THE EAST."



AN ASTRONOMER'S VISION OF MARS AS IT WOULD APPEAR FROM THE SURFACE (SHOWN IN THE FOREGROUND BELOW) OF THE PLANET'S FIRST AND NEARER SATELLITE (LESS THAN 3750 MILES AWAY): MARS VISIBLE AS A COLOSSAL GLOBE 100 TIMES LARGER IN DIAMETER THAN OUR MOON AS SEEN FROM THE EARTH.

"If we could transport ourselves to Mars," writes M. Lucien Rudaux, "our gaze would be attracted to two tiny Moons, the nearer of which moves so rapidly that it passes through all its phases in 7 hours 39 minutes. These two satellites are very close to the planet, the first being within 3750 miles

from the surface of Mars and the second within 12,500 miles. Seen from its nearer Moon, Mars would appear as a disc of colossal proportions, nearly a hundred times greater in diameter than our terrestrial Moon as seen from the Earth."

FROM THE DRAWINGS BY LUCIEN RUDAUX.



"EXAMINATION OF THE DARK MARKINGS ON MARS REVEALS REMARKABLE COLOUR CHANGES," FROM GREEN IN SUMMER TO GREY OR REDDISH-BROWN IN AUTUMN: AN ASTRONOMER'S DRAWINGS REPRESENTING A COMPLETE REVOLUTION OF THE PLANET, SHOWING THE CONFIGURATION OF ITS SURFACE.



PART OF THE SURFACE OF MARS RECALLING THE SAHARA: AN ASTRONOMER'S "RECONSTRUCTION" DRAWING DESIGNED TO SHOW THE PROBABLE CHARACTERISTICS OF VAST DESERT REGIONS WHOSE REDDISH-YELLOW HUE GIVES THE PLANET ITS DISTINCTIVE COLOUR.



VAST SWAMPS ON THE SURFACE OF MARS: A "RECONSTRUCTION" DRAWING TO INDICATE THE PROBABLE CONDITIONS OF A REGION WHERE WATER SEEMS SCARCELY TO EXIST EXCEPT IN THE FORM OF A MARSHY EXPANSE INTERSECTED WITH PATCHES OF VEGETATION.

"Careful examination of the dark markings on Mars," writes M. Lucien Rudaux, "reveals remarkable colour changes. Some parts, adorned with a beautiful green in summer, turn grey or reddish-brown as autumn advances. Vast territories seem entirely sterile, recalling the aspect of the Sahara. It

is not rash, then, to reconstruct a landscape of these desert regions with the characteristics assigned to them in the drawing, and, by contrast, another landscape showing the nature of the swampy expanses intersected by patches of soil covered with vegetation, to explain the colour changes on the planet's surface."

FROM THE DRAWINGS BY LUCIEN RUDAUX.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE MEMORIAL TO RUPERT BROOKE, WHO WROTE THAT FAMOUS WAR POEM, "THE SOLDIER": THE STRIKING STATUE, BY MICHEL TOMBROS, UNVEILED NEAR HIS GRAVE, ON THE ISLAND OF SKYROS, ON EASTER SUNDAY. The memorial to Rupert Brooke which has been set up in the Island of Skyros, near the young poet's grave, consists of a nude figure on a pedestal which shows a head of Rupert Brooke. Many distinguished people were present at the inauguration, including M. Venizelos, the Greek Prime Minister, the British Minister in Athens, the Greek Foreign Minister, and representative literary men. It seems superfluous to print the best known of Brooke's lines: "If I should die, think only this of me, That there's some corner of a foreign field That is for ever England. . . ."



AN ATLANTIC LINER AGROUND: THE 29,511-TON HOLLAND-AMERIKA "STATENDAM," ON THE SOUTH BRAMBLES SHOAL AT THE ENTRANCE TO SOUTHAMPTON WATER—AN AIR-VIEW.

The "Statendam," flag-ship of the Holland-America Line fleet and the largest vessel flying the Dutch flag, went aground on the South Brambles Shoal on the night of Saturday, April 11. The fifth attempt to refloat her was made at high water on the night of April 13 and was successful. It was watched by most of the two-hundred-and-sixty passengers in the ship, which had been on the mud for forty-seven hours. When the mishap occurred she was leaving for New York. Examination disclosed no sign of damage.



A "GRANDCHILD" OF THE ELM UNDER WHICH WASHINGTON TOOK COMMAND OF THE AMERICAN ARMY AT CAMBRIDGE, MASS., IN 1775, TO BE PLANTED IN ENGLAND: PACKING THE TREE FOR SULGRAVE MANOR.

The American Tree Association is presenting a "grandchild" of the famous "Cambridge Elm" under which George Washington took command of the American Army, in 1775, to Sulgrave Manor, the ancestral home of the Washington family, near Banbury, Oxfordshire. With it is a bronze "marker" with the inscription: "Washington First Took Command of the American Army under the Grandparent of this Elm at Cambridge, Mass., July 3, 1775. This Tree Presented and Planted as Part of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of George Washington, 1732-1932." The original elm no longer exists.



THE NAVY'S TRIBUTE TO W. L. WYLLIE, R.A., THE FAMOUS MARINE PAINTER WHO WAS SO CLOSELY ASSOCIATED WITH THE "VICTORY" AND ITS RESTORATION: THE COFFIN, BORNE IN A TEN-OARED NAVAL CUTTER MANNED BY SEA SCOUTS, PASSING H.M.S. "NELSON" AT PORTSMOUTH—THE "VICTORY" IN THE BACKGROUND, ON THE RIGHT.

The funeral of Mr. W. L. Wyllie took place on April 9, when, after a service in St. Thomas of Canterbury Cathedral, Portsmouth, the body of the famous marine artist was taken by water to the grave in Portchester Churchyard. The coffin, wrapped in Sea Scouts' colours, was borne in a ten-oared cutter lent by H.M.S. "Nelson," flag-ship of the Atlantic Fleet, and manned by

Sea Scouts. Beside it, in the stern, were the artist's two sons, Wing-Commander Harold Wyllie and Mr. R. J. Wyllie. The Admiral's barge followed, carrying chief mourners. After a mile had been covered slowly, oars were shipped and the cutter was taken in tow by a launch. After the Committal, District Scout Commissioner Miller read Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar."

THE SPANISH ELECTION THAT LED TO THE PROCLAMATION OF A REPUBLIC.



1. SCENES OF WILD EXCITEMENT IN MADRID DURING THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS OF APRIL 12 WHICH BROUGHT ABOUT THE PROCLAMATION OF A REPUBLIC: POLICE DISPERSING A CROWD OF DEMONSTRATORS IN MADRID, WHERE BOTH REPUBLICANS AND MONARCHISTS WERE VERY ACTIVE.

The municipal elections that took place throughout Spain on Sunday, April 12, were decided on the political issue, and gave the Republicans their greatest victory since the restoration in 1876. The enthusiasm in Madrid was unusually intense, and both Republicans and Monarchists displayed great activity. Posters were largely used in the contest, being carried by canvassers of both sexes parading the streets, or pasted on taxis, or even attached to horses and dogs. Some of them which were judged subversive were torn down by the police, who also tried to prevent the sale of button-hole ribbons and portraits of Republican leaders who had been executed. Altogether, however, the police behaved with great

2. PUBLIC ENTHUSIASM IN MADRID DURING THE ELECTIONS WHICH, DESPITE INTENSE EXCITEMENT, WERE DESCRIBED AS THE MOST ORDERLY EVER HELD IN SPAIN: A SMALL GROUP OF MOUNTED POLICE PATROLLING THE STREETS TO PREVENT DISTURBANCES, AMID A CROWD EAGERLY WATCHING THE PROGRESS OF EVENTS.

restraint under very trying conditions, and the Government authorities maintained an impartial attitude. These elections gave the Spanish people their first opportunity to express their will at the polls, after eight years' eclipse of constitutional government. In spite of the enormous excitement, the elections passed off without serious incidents or loss of life, a fact much to the credit of the public in general and also of the Minister of the Interior, the Marqués de Hoyon, who mobilised the police forces in full strength but kept them in the background. It was stated that the elections were the most orderly that have ever been held in Spain.

PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLICAN PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF SPAIN.



SEÑOR ALCALA ZAMORA (RIGHT) IN GAOL AFTER HE HAD BEEN ARRESTED FOR HIS SHARE IN THE REBELLION AT JACA: THE LEADER OF THE REPUBLICANS WHEN HE WAS CONDUCTING THE AFFAIRS OF HIS PARTY FROM BEHIND PRISON BARS.

Señor Alcala Zamora, designated head of the Republican Provisional Government of Spain, was chief of the leaders of the abortive rebellion at Jaca in December, when he was arrested. In company with five of his colleagues—all signatories of the Republican Manifesto—he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment and one day of arrest on March 23 last by the Supreme Court of Military Justice; only to be released on the following day. While in prison he continued to conduct the affairs of the Republican Party. As we note under a double-page in this issue, he was already regarded as "President-elect for the Republic" at the time of the holding of the municipal elections on April 12, and after he had

cast his vote he was carried shoulder-high through the streets as "the saviour of Spain." He it was who, speaking over the wireless from the Ministry of the Interior in Madrid on the night of April 14, announced to the nation that the Republic was triumphant and in peaceful possession of office. He is a lawyer, one of the finest speakers in Spain, and particularly well informed on military affairs, especially with those relating to the Moroccan question. He entered the Congress of Deputies as a Liberal in 1905; and he was Under-Secretary of the Ministry of the Interior, 1910-1913, Minister of Public Works, 1917-1918, and Minister of War in the Government formed in December 1922. He is fifty-three.

SPAIN PROCLAIMED A REPUBLIC:



THE "PRESIDENT-ELECT FOR THE REPUBLIC" AT THE BALLOT-BOX—BEFORE A PICTURE OF KING ALFONSO AS A YOUTH: SEÑOR ALCALA ZAMORA CASTING HIS VOTE IN MADRID DURING THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.



FOREIGN MINISTER IN THE "COALITION" CABINET FORMED LAST FEBRUARY BY CAPTAIN-GENERAL DON JUAN BAUTISTA AZNAR: COUNT ROMANONES (FOREGROUND) AT THE BALLOT-BOX.



QUEEN VICTORIA EUGENIA OF SPAIN WITH FIVE OF HER SIX CHILDREN: HER MAJESTY WITH THE INFANTE GONZALO, THE INFANTA MARIA CHRISTINA, THE INFANTE JUAN, THE INFANTA BEATRICE, AND (AT THE BACK) THE INFANTE JAIME.



KING ALFONSO XIII. OF SPAIN: HIS MAJESTY AT WORK IN HIS STUDY IN THE ROYAL PALACE IN MADRID.

PROTAGONISTS IN THE REVOLUTION.



THE "COALITION" PRIME MINISTER WHO TOOK OFFICE AFTER THE FALL OF THE BEREQUER CABINET IN FEBRUARY: CAPTAIN-GENERAL AZNAR (FOREGROUND) VOTING IN MADRID DURING THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.



FATHER AND HEIR: KING ALFONSO XIII.—A KING FROM THE DAY OF HIS BIRTH—AND HIS ELDEST SON, THE INFANTE ALFONSO, PRINCE OF THE ASTURIAS, WHO WAS BORN IN 1927.

The municipal elections in Spain on April 12, the first since 1923, when the late General Primo de Rivera set up his Dictatorship, resulted in a remarkable success for the Republicans, and, as an immediate result, there was once again a political crisis of the first order. Answering a Madrid journalist who asked him for news of the situation, the Prime Minister, noted the "Times," replied: "What greater news could there be than that a country which we all thought Monarchist should have proclaimed itself Republican overnight?" King Alfonso's fate was then in the balance. To a correspondent of the "Daily Mail," his Majesty declared, on April 13, that he had no intention of abdicating or leaving the country. Meantime, Señor Alcalá Zamora, already regarded as "President-elect for the Republic," had been carried shoulder-high through the streets after voting. Events moved apace, and on the 14th King Alfonso laid down the reins of sovereignty and left Madrid, while a Republic was proclaimed with Señor Zamora as the head of a Provisional Government. At 4 a.m. the next morning his

Majesty sailed from Spain. The Queen and the Royal Family remained in Madrid for a while. As to our photograph, it may be recalled that King Alfonso was proclaimed King on the day of his birth, May 17, 1886, and ruled under his mother until May 17, 1902. He married Princess Victoria Eugenia of Battenberg on May 31, 1906, and there are six children of the wedding: the Prince of the Asturias, who was born on May 10, 1907; the Infante Jaime, born on June 23, 1908; the Infante Juan, born on June 20, 1913; the Infante Gonzalo, born on October 24, 1914; and the Infantas Beatrice and Maria Christina, born respectively in June 1909 and December 1911. As to Señor Zamora, the Republican leader, he was one of the signatories of the revolutionary manifesto of December, and last month he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, only to be released after a single day in gaol. Captain-General Aznar came into power as Prime Minister as recently as February last. At the same time Count Romanones became Minister for Foreign Affairs.

THE SICKNESS OF "WILLOW THE KING."

THE CRICKET-BAT-MAKING INDUSTRY THREATENED BY A MYSTERIOUS BACTERIUM IN WILLOW TREES:
PROBLEMS OF THE "WATERMARK" DISEASE.

By W. R. DAY, B.Sc., of the Imperial Forestry Institute, University of Oxford.

THOSE who know the river valleys of eastern Hertfordshire, Essex, and the south of Suffolk will be well acquainted with the cricket-bat willow (*Salix caerulea* Smith) for these constitute the chief area of its cultivation. This willow is a singularly beautiful tree, with blue-grey foliage, rather sharply-ascending branches, and a pyramidal-shaped crown. It is unique in a number of ways: it is the sole source of wood for good cricket-bats; its timber is one of the very few raised entirely in this country, and is by far the most valuable timber produced here, for a first-quality tree fetches £10-£15 within ten to sixteen years of planting; and finally it is affected by a disease which seriously prejudices its cultivation and is causing a shortage of first-class timber. The willow is grown on moist, well-drained, fertile land, often, but not of necessity, near to running water. It is planted along hedgerows, ditches, and the banks of streams, and almost always in a single line. The tree is unsuited to growth in large plantations, and when so grown produces a wood of no value for cricket-bats. The cultivation of the tree is very simple. Large "sets," which may be anything up to twenty feet long, are cut from pollard willows or preferably from stool shoots grown after the manner of osiers. The sets should be perfectly straight, free from large branches and injuries, or the wood is liable not to have the straight and even grain necessary for a good bat. A hole, two to two-and-a-half feet deep, is dug in the ground; the set is placed in it and firmly secured so that it will not move and so break the tender roots that shortly begin to grow from it. Planting is done during the late winter, and, apart from possible watering, should the first summer prove dry, the sets need no further attention except that the first ten to twelve feet of the stem must be kept free from side branches or even small shoots.

The watermark disease affects only this willow and the closely-related varieties and hybrids of the white willow (*S. alba*), so far as is known at present. It first

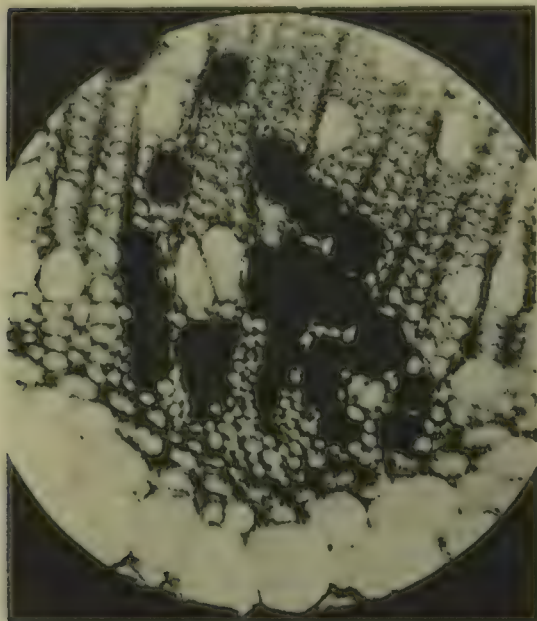


FIG. 3. A TRANSVERSE SECTION OF A PIECE OF DISEASED WILLOW SHOOT. (HIGHLY MAGNIFIED.)

The large cells at the base are pith. The black areas are vessels blocked-up with bacterial slime, and the adjacent large white ones are vessels as yet unblocked. The numerous smaller cells are chiefly wood fibres.

came under scientific observation nine-and-a-half years ago. Since then, as a result of research and propaganda carried out by the Imperial Forestry Institute, of the survey of the disease made last year by the Institute for the Forestry Commission, and last, but not least, of the keenness of the more alive of the willow-growers and merchants, much has been learned of the disease and a sense of its importance raised among willow-growers in general. The infection is worst in the valleys of the rivers Lea and Chelmer, the districts in which the willow has been cultivated longest. There, over considerable areas, it is estimated that one-third to half the trees are diseased and therefore useless. Elsewhere the infection is slighter but growing, and fortunately some parts still remain uninfected. One serious feature of the disease is that trees are most liable to infection when of some size and accordingly near to the time when some financial return may be expected.

In a tree in which the disease is freshly developed, the first sign of infection is a wilting of the leaves and growing shoots. This is seen during June and July. This outward sign of infection may be confined to one quite insignificant shoot or may extend to the greater part of the tree. The whole tree is never affected in the first year. The wilted leaves die rapidly, turn brown, hang on the tree for some time, and make it conspicuous among the solid greenery surrounding it. If an affected branch

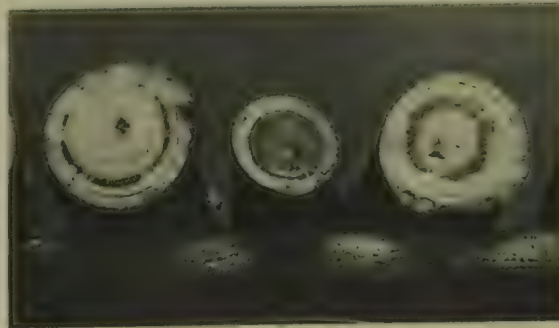


FIG. 1. THE "WATERMARK" IN FRESHLY CUT RECENTLY DISEASED WILLOW BRANCHES. (FULL SIZE.) The stain typically forms a ring, as in the two outer branches. In the left one the centre of the mark is darker than its edges because colour change has begun.

is cut through, dark, apparently water-sodden areas will be seen in the wood (Fig. 1), and from these a liquid exudes. This liquid is bacterial slime, full of the bacterium (Fig. 2)

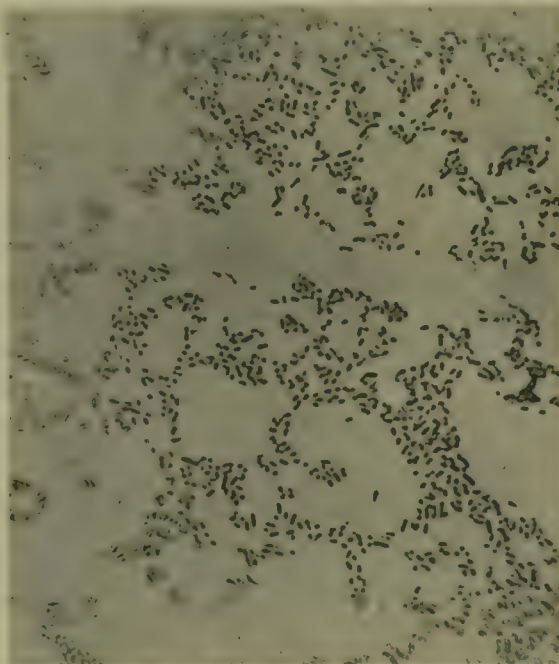


FIG. 2. THE CAUSE OF "WATERMARK" DISEASE IN THE CRICKET-BAT WILLOW: THE BACTERIUM HIGHLY MAGNIFIED.

For the purpose of the photograph the bacterium was spread out in a thin film on a glass slide and stained red with carbol fuchsin. The outer edges of the photograph are not in focus.

causing the disease, and if inoculated into a healthy tree would reproduce the infection. Where freshly-made wounds occur in newly-affected shoots this slime exudes



FIG. 5. A DISEASED WILLOW TRUNK SHOWING THE "WATERMARK" IN A NEWLY INFECTED TREE.

This trunk was photographed after felling, when the colour change had taken place. Note the large side branch, almost the whole of which is stained very deeply. This tree would soon have been large enough for bat-making.

naturally and sometimes in appreciable quantities. The exudation, which is at first colourless, turns brown quickly and is very attractive to insects, some of which are thought to be a probable means of carrying the infection from tree to tree. However small the branch at first affected, the dark mark in the wood—which, owing to its appearance, was called "watermark"—will be found to have spread throughout a great part of the tree, especially if this is fast growing. It is always confined to the wood and spreads much faster towards the root than up into the crown. The watermark is caused by the vessels being full of bacterial slime (Figs. 3 and 4). It is a special feature of the disease, and wherever it exists the pathogenic bacterium is or has been. After some time, the watermark at any one point changes colour and becomes dark brown or almost black. This colour-change is a sign that the pathogen has died and grown beyond that particular point. On the exposed wood of felled trees the colour-change takes place very rapidly, and the exuding bacterial slime darkly stains the wood it flows over (Fig. 5). During the course of the summer the affected branches die, and on the main stem of the tree, and often also on its larger branches, innumerable side shoots then begin to develop. These become more prominent during succeeding years and may in their turn become diseased. As the tree dies back year by year, the rate of spread of the disease becomes increasingly slow.

One feature of this disease is that the wilting of the leaves is practically confined to June and July—that is, to the beginning of the growing season. At this time the vessels are most full of sap, and the bacteria, which are confined entirely to them, find most food then and so multiply most rapidly. They exhaust the food reserves in the surrounding tissue, and thus, where in healthy wood starch is present in abundance, in diseased wood it is almost entirely absent, having been converted into sugar and used up by the pathogen. Later, when the vessels



FIG. 4. A LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF WILLOW WOOD SHOWING A VESSEL FILLED WITH BACTERIAL SLIME. (HIGHLY MAGNIFIED.)

This contains the pathogen in innumerable quantities: it would be no larger than a minute dot.

are much less full of sap, the disease spreads much more slowly. Related to this is the slowing-up of the rate of spread of the disease within a particular tree after the first year of its development. A tree which has already partially died back has a much smaller crown and so requires much less sap than if it had been unaffected. On account of this, there is less sap generally in the tree by means of which the infection can develop. Affected trees may, in this way, linger on for some time and so be a source of infection to the whole neighbourhood unless felled and destroyed.

There are two ways in which the pathogen causes the die-back of the tree. First, it causes a mechanical stoppage of the vessels and so prevents the sap reaching the growing tissues and leaves; and second, it poisons the tree in a manner analogous to that in which bacteria in the blood-stream of an animal set up blood-poisoning. The mechanical stoppage is brought about by the pathogen blocking up the vessels with the bacterial slime (Figs. 3 and 4) and also by the development of tyloses within the vessels. These tyloses are outgrowths from adjacent living cells. They are quite common, but normally appear only in the older wood. It is a feature of bacterial diseases of the vessels in plants that they cause these tyloses to develop in wood which should be actively carrying sap. This is one of the results of the poisoning set up by the bacteria.

[Continued on page 662.]

REBELLION IN A PORTUGUESE ISLAND COLONY: SCENES IN MADEIRA.



MILITARY PREPARATIONS BY THE MADEIRA REBELS AFTER THE REVOLT AND THE ARREST OF THE HIGH COMMISSIONER, ALONG WITH THE CIVIL AND MILITARY GOVERNORS. FIELD GUNS POSTED AT A POINT NEAR THE PALACE OF SAO LORENÇO, IN FUNCHAL, WHERE TROOPS PATROLLED THE TOWN AND TOOK CHARGE OF TELEGRAPHS, TELEPHONES, AND THE BANK OF PORTUGAL.

AT the moment of writing, the situation in Madeira is uncertain, pending the arrival of Portuguese war-ships from Lisbon bringing a punitive force. In a message from Funchal published a few days ago, a "Times" correspondent stated: "The revolt of the Funchal garrison on April 4 has for the time being paralysed the life of the island. Preparations for the defence of Madeira are being energetically carried out. Trenches have been dug in certain of the places where guns are already mounted. The arrival of H.M.S. 'London' created an immediate sense of security, by no means confined to the British community. . . . There can be no doubt that, unless there is some mediation, a serious situation will arise." The revolt of April 4 was directed against the High Commissioner, Colonel Silva Leal, who had been sent from Lisbon to take over the administration of Madeira

after the disturbances last February. Colonel Leal was taken prisoner, along with the Civil and Military Governors of Funchal. The change of government took place suddenly, and without any disorder. The new Military Junta issued a manifesto, and next day announced that it had been decided to entrust full



THE APATHETIC ATTITUDE OF THE POPULATION TOWARDS THE CHANGE OF GOVERNMENT: A CROWD IN THE PRACA DA CONSTITUICAO AT FUNCHAL, IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE POSTING OF THE FIRST MANIFESTO BY THE NEW MILITARY JUNTA, ANNOUNCING THAT FULL POWERS HAD BEEN ENTRUSTED TO GENERAL SOUSA DIAS.

powers to a military command under General Sousa Dias, who led a revolt at Oporto in 1927. A further notice called to the colours two classes of the 13th Regiment. The population of Funchal remained apathetic, but the military preparations caused a general exodus to the hills.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK :



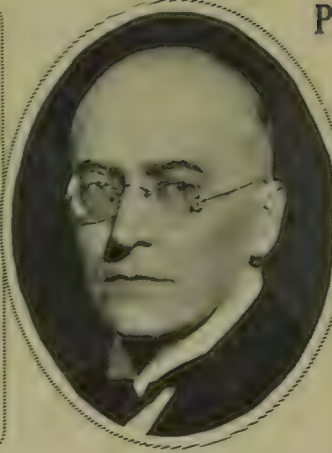
MR. W. WRIGHT, M.P.
Died, April 9; aged sixty-eight. Labour Member for Rutherglen Division (Lanarkshire). Worked in a coal mine, and on a farm. Appointed I.L.P. Organizer in S. Wales in 1898. Won Rutherglen from the Unionists, 1922.



SIR ROBERT PARR.
Died, April 10; aged sixty-eight. Director of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, 1905-1927. Was an accountant by profession. Co-operated in the preparation of the Children Act, 1908.



MISS HELEN STACK.
Killed ski-ing on the Lauberhorn slopes above the Kleine Scheidegg on April 9. Came into violent collision with another skier, whose injuries were not, however, serious. Only daughter of Sir Lee Stack, who was assassinated in 1924.



DR. BRÜNING.
Chancellor of the German Reich. Will visit Chequers, with Dr. Curtius, after the League Council on May 18, to confer on questions of reparations, disarmament, and the proposed Austro-German customs union.



DR. CURTIUS.
Foreign Minister of the German Reich. Will discuss the questions raised by the proposed Austro-German customs union with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Henderson, and also the settlement of reparations and War Debts.



THE FRENCH ROYALIST WEDDING AT PALERMO: THE COMTE DE PARIS AND HIS BRIDE, PRINCESS ISABEL, AFTER THE CEREMONY.

The marriage of the Comte de Paris, son of the pretender to the throne of France, to Princess Isabel of Orleans-Braganza, daughter of Prince Dom Pedro de Alcantara of Orleans-Braganza, who abdicated his pretensions to the throne of Brazil in 1908, was celebrated with great splendour in the Cathedral of Palermo on April 8.



COL. SIR CLIVE WIGRAM, K.C.V.O.
Appointed Private Secretary and Extra Equerry to the King, in the room of the late Lieut.-Col. Lord Stamfordham. Was Assistant Private Secretary and Equerry to his Majesty for over twenty years. Saw service on the North-West Frontier and in the South African War.

MRS. TRAVERS LEWIS.

Died April 10; aged 91. Widow of Archbishop John Travers Lewis, of Canada. Well known for her remarkable work for English-speaking girls in Paris. Founded her first "Ada Leigh" home for such girls in 1872.



THE RECORD ENGLAND-AUSTRALIA FLIGHT: MR. C. W. SCOTT IN HIS GIPSY MOTH AEROPLANE; WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER.

Mr. C. W. A. Scott left Lympne for Australia in his Gipsy Moth on April 1 and arrived at Darwin at 5.40 p.m. on April 10—a record time of 9 days 3 hrs. 40 mins., which is 19 hours less than the time made last year by Air Commodore Kingsford-Smith. Mr. Scott was formerly a member of the R.A.F.



MR. ANTON CERMAK, THE NEW MAYOR OF CHICAGO.

Elected Mayor by a majority of 191,916 votes over "Big Bill" Thompson. In his own words, "This truly begins a new day for Chicago. Gangsters, muddled finances, and City Hall hippodroming will cease."



PLAINTIFFS IN THE IRISH HOSPITALS SWEEPSTAKE DEFENDANT IN THE SWEEP-LAW SUIT: MESSRS. EPICELLA AND CONSTANTINO. STAKE LAW SUIT: MR. SCALA.
On the eve of the day on which the money was to have been paid, Mr. Antonio Epicella and Mr. Matteo Constantino claimed that they were entitled to a share in the first prize won by Mr. Emilio Scala, the Battersea café proprietor who drew Grakle in the Irish Hospitals Grand National Sweepstake. The judge, when asked for an injunction on April 13, decided that the prize money should remain invested as at present until the hearing of the action or a further order.



THE LATE SIR DAVID PIETER DE VILLIERS GRAAFF.

Died, April 13; aged seventy-two. He was accounted the richest man in Cape Colony. Union High Commissioner in London in 1914. The controlling influence in the Imperial Cold Storage Company.



Life seems brighter
after
GUINNESS

"GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU"

A Bachelor's Den...



... by Sir James Barrie

*The following exquisite quotation is taken from
"My Lady Nicotine."*

SOON we are all in the old room again, Jimmy on the hearthrug, Marriot in the cane-chair; the curtains are pinned together with a pen-nib, and the five of us are smoking the Arcadia Mixture.

Pettigrew will be welcomed if he comes, but he is a married man, and we seldom see him nowadays. Others will be regarded as intruders. If they are smoking common tobaccos, they must either be allowed to try ours or requested to withdraw. One need only put his head in at my door to realise that tobaccos are of two kinds, the Arcadia and others. No one who smokes the Arcadia would ever attempt to describe its delights, for his pipe would be certain to go out. When he was at school, Jimmy Moggridge smoked a cane-chair, and he has since said that from cane to ordinary mixtures was not so noticeable as the change from ordinary mixtures to the Arcadia.

I ask no one to believe this, for the confirmed smoker in Arcadia detests arguing with anybody about anything. Were I anxious to prove Jimmy's statement, I would merely give you the only address at which the Arcadia is to be had. But that I will not do. It would be as rash as proposing a man with whom I am unacquainted for my club. You may not be worthy to smoke the Arcadia Mixture.

SIR J. M. BARRIE says . . . "What I call the 'Arcadia' in 'My Lady Nicotine' is the Craven Mixture and no other."

Craven

MIXTURE TOBACCO

FROM PLANTAGENET TO NEO-GEORGIAN DAYS: DINING THROUGH THE AGES—IN IDEAL HOMES.



IN THE DECORATIVE DAYS OF THE PLANTAGENETS: A DINING-ROOM WHICH SUGGESTS THE COMING OF THAT PERIOD AT WHICH IT BECAME POSSIBLE TO EAT IN PRIVACY WITHOUT BEING DEEMED AN UNSOCIABLE DISGRACE TO THE COMMUNITY.



IN TUDOR TIMES: A DINING-ROOM OF ABOUT THE YEAR 1550, WHEN EACH BROUGHT HIS OWN JACK KNIFE TO THE FEAST, ROAST OR BOILED BEEF OR MUTTON WERE THE CHIEF DISHES, AND PUDDING WAS THE FOOD MOST FAVOURED.



IN LATE STUART DAYS: THE DINING-ROOM, AS SUCH, REALLY IN BEING; WITH PEWTER PLATES, TANKARDS, AND DISHES MUCH IN EVIDENCE, AS IN MANY A HOME NOT YET PROVIDED WITH GLASS AND THE CHINA PLATES THAT WERE BECOMING POPULAR.



AS IN THE REIGN OF THE SECOND GEORGE: THE DINING-ROOM AT A PERIOD OF UNUSUAL BEAUTY AND HARMONY, WHEN FINE FURNITURE WAS ALLIED WITH SUCH CHARMING "CONCEITS" AS PERFECT SILVER AND DELIGHTFUL GLASS.



THE PORTENTOUS VICTORIAN: IN THE DAYS OF THE OVERLADEN TABLE, HEAVY FURNITURE, MANTEL-BOARDS, WAX FRUITS AND FLOWERS, ANTIMACASSARS, THE CAGED CANARY, THE ASPIDISTRA, RICH FOOD, MANY DRINKS, AND OVER-EATING!

A series of rooms illustrating "Dining Through the Ages" is one of the numerous deservedly-popular features of the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia, which, it need hardly be said, owes its being to the enterprise of the "Daily Mail." The earliest period represented is that which knew the Ancient Briton; the latest is 1931. As to the reconstructions themselves, unusual interest attaches to them, not only because of the architectural methods they display, but by reason of the fact that—as, indeed, it must—each suggests better than any number of words the particular domesticity that was its frequenters'. What could be further apart than the Ancient Briton in his dark, dank, wattle-and-daub hut and the modern mistress of the house in her light, airy, brightly-coloured dining-room? What could be in greater contrast than the grimly austere Norman hall and the sword-and-brocade, the silver-and-glass, elegance of the Georgian room? How great the gap between the simplicity of Plantagenet days and that of the



THE CHEERY NEO-GEORGIAN: A DINING-ROOM OF TO-DAY; GUILTLESS OF FINICKY "ORNAMENTS," WITH ATTRACTIVE TABLE AND LITTLE FURNITURE, AND WITH UNENCUMBERED, BRIGHTLY-COLOURED WALLS AND CONCEALED LIGHTING—THE WHOLE A REVOLUTION AGAINST THE CLUTTERED ROOM OF YESTERYEAR.

Tudor! Especially, how wide the span between the portentous Victorian and the cheery Neo-Georgian! Gone at last, save, it is to be feared, in certain non-progressive neighbourhoods, is the Victorian home of convention. Gone are its heaviness and its innumerable knick-knacks; the waxen fruits and flowers have melted, the canary has left its sanded cage, the antimacassar has gone the way of greasy hair-oil, and the aspidistra has deserted its ornamental pot! As to the over-eating, that, too, has disappeared. So, in truth, all is still for the best in the best of all possible worlds!

GLORIES OF THE COUNTIES "OLYMPIAN" GARDENS TYPICAL

UNDER A LONDON ROOF: OF VARIOUS ENGLISH SHIRES.



1. GLOUCESTERSHIRE: AN OLD-WORLD GARDEN OF THE COTSWOLD TYPE, WITH ITS RAIL-TOPPED STONE WALLS FOR CLIMBING PLANTS AND A WELL FROM WHICH A RIVULET WINDS THROUGH ROCK-BORDERED GRASS.



2. DEVONSHIRE: A SEASIDE GARDEN BLOSSOMING SET AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF RED CLIFFS



WITH RHODODENDRONS, POLYANTHUS, AND TULIPS, RISING FROM A FOAM-FRINGED SHORE.



3. KENT: A CIRCULAR GARDEN WITH AN OLD KENTISH OAST-HOUSE OF RED BRICK AND TILE CONVERTED INTO A DELIGHTFUL SUMMER-HOUSE, AND THE OLD BRICKS OF A DEMOLISHED BARN USED FOR AN ARCHED WALL-FOUNTAIN.



4. OXFORDSHIRE: A TYPICAL RIVERSIDE GARDEN ALONG THE UPPER REACHES OF THE THAMES ABOUT OXFORD, WITH SUMMER-HOUSE AND SHRUBBERY, AND A DITCH TRANSFORMED INTO A DELIGHTFUL STREAM.

As in former years, one of the most attractive features of the Ideal Home Exhibition, at Olympia, is a series of beautiful gardens in full bloom indoors, under cover of the vast roof. This year they have been designed in conformity with a general scheme entitled "The Gardens of the Counties," each exhibit being more or less typical of gardens in some particular part of England or Wales, and having a background characteristic of the local landscape. We illustrate here a number of specially interesting examples. No. 1 is the work of Messrs. Baker, of Codsall, Wolverhampton, and represents an old-world Gloucestershire garden in the Cotswold Hills. No. 2, designed by Carter's Tested Seeds, Ltd., of Raynes Park, is a Devonshire rhododendron garden, such as is seen along the southern coast in late spring. No. 3, exhibited by Mr. George G. Whitelegg, of Chislehurst, makes picturesque use of an old Kentish oast-house and the bricks obtained by demolition of its adjoining barn.



5. SURREY: AN EXAMPLE DESIGNED TO SHOW HOW INTO AN ATTRACTIVE GARDEN, AT A SMALL COST, BY AND STONE PAVING

No. 4, shown by Messrs. R. Wallace and Co.



AN AWKWARD PIECE OF GROUND CAN BE MADE THE JUDICIOUS USE OF HARDY FLOWERING SHRUBS FOR THE PATH.

those popular in Shakespeare's day. In the background is represented the old Tudor house at Ditchling where Anne of Cleves lived after her divorce from Henry VIII. Near it, though not seen in our illustration, two South Downs windmills form part of the setting. All the above photographs, which bring out very skillfully the open-air effect of these indoor exhibits, are the work of Captain E. W. J. Payne, M.C. Looking at them, it is difficult to realise that they are inside the walls of Olympia and not part of an actual landscape.



6. SUSSEX: AN OLD-FASHIONED CARNATION AND DIANTHUS GARDEN, SET AGAINST A BACKGROUND WHICH REPRESENTS ANNE OF CLEVES' HOUSE AT DITCHLING, WHERE SHE LIVED AFTER HAVING BEEN DIVORCED BY HENRY VIII.

of Tunbridge Wells, typifies the kind of gardens seen along the upper reaches of the Thames round about Oxford. No. 5 is a design by Mr. Ronald S. Skelton, of Pirbright, Surrey, affording useful hints for making an attractive garden on an awkward site. No. 6, by Messrs. Allwood Bros., of Haywards Heath, is an old-world Sussex garden with every variety of carnation and dianthus, including

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

"THE LAST OF THE SILVERSMITHS": PAUL STORR.

The Bridge Between Georgian and Victorian Taste.—By FRANK DAVIS.



THIS is a grossly misleading title, for there are admirable silversmiths flourishing to-day, some already well known, and others who will have to wait for fame until they have been a very long time dead and a later generation suddenly realises how good their work is. At the same time, within the limits of a page devoted to collecting, the phrase defines well enough the position of Paul Storr as the last survivor of the eighteenth-century tradition, before the whole world temporarily lost the trick of clean rhythmic design and flocked to admire the monstrosities of the Great Exhibition of 1851. It is always annoying to come across genuinely fine things—and, whether one admires their style or not, Paul Storr pieces are of most beautiful craftsmanship—and find oneself baffled in the attempt to penetrate their author's personality. Silversmiths are exceptionally unfortunate in this respect—a remarkably modest and retiring race of men. Off-hand, I cannot think of a single one who has left any memoirs, with the exception of Benvenuto Cellini, who was a most engaging blackguard and the reverse of modest. Painters are more fortunate and infinitely more obliging, for few of them have resisted the temptation to paint their own portraits: we can trace the effect of the years and his own misfortunes upon the sad features of Rembrandt; we can see the courtly and cultured Rubens as he was; we stand charmed before the

young Gainsborough with his whimsical smile and three-cornered hat. But I doubt if a successful man like Lamerie ever sat for his portrait, and if he did, it was for the sort of picture that appears in auction catalogues as "Portrait of a Gentleman; English School." Paul Storr is no less vague as a personality: I can find next to nothing of his life, and still less about the manner of the man he was. I am not so sure he would not be a little astonished if he could know anyone was sitting down surrounded by photographs of his work and complaining that he had left nothing behind him but pieces of silver. He might be pleased, but he might also, in whatever quiet corner of the Elysian Fields is reserved for departed silversmiths, shrug ghostly shoulders and murmur, "Si monumentum requiris, circumspice." It is no bad epitaph for much lesser men than Sir Christopher Wren.

The truth is, of course, that in his time the average silversmith was a tradesman who did not, like the fashionable painter, mix in society, but who became famous one hundred years or so after his death. Apart from his work, we only have the accurate but scanty records of his date and personal mark at the Assay Office, and—if he was a leading member of his mystery—the somewhat bald record of his activities at Goldsmiths' Hall—that is, if he took any active interest in the affairs of the company—but neither of these sources helps us to visualise his personality.

The hopeless search for Paul Storr the man, rather than Paul Storr the craftsman, has to be given up, yet something surely of the man is to be deduced

admirals and captains of the fleet at the Battle of Trafalgar; and various pieces of similar character, all carried out by Storr, are to be seen at the Victoria and Albert Museum and in his Majesty's collection at Windsor. Storr, in short, was an admirable craftsman, but by no means an original genius. He



1. SHOWING IN WHAT VARIED FORMS PAUL STORR'S GOOD TASTE COULD DISPLAY ITSELF: A SILVER CRUET STAND BY "THE LAST OF THE SILVERSMITHS."



2. AN ACHIEVEMENT OF REFINED AND DELICATE ENGLISH CRAFTSMANSHIP: A SILVER MEAT-DISH AND COVER BY STORR.

used the designs that were current, and executed them with consummate skill, and, if one may hazard a guess on so little evidence, would have been rather surprised if anyone had referred to him as an artist.

One meets his personal mark on his pieces in 1792, and from that time he was actively engaged in business till as late as 1839. One of the firms for whom he worked was that of Rundell and Bridge, which was in due course absorbed by the predecessors of the present firm of Harman and Lambert. He also entered into partnership with his nephew and apprentice, Mortimer, under the style of Storr and Mortimer, which was afterwards taken over by what

is now known as Hunt and Roskell. His old factory at Harrison Street, near King's Cross, is still in active operation, and I believe that some of Storr's original dies have escaped destruction.

Such meagre scraps of information are all that I have been able to obtain about a man who must have had character, and certainly possessed great ability. As far as I can discover, no one has ever published any account of him, and, if this should catch the eye of a collector who has access to any contemporary record, I should be greatly obliged

if he would let me know. The remaining illustrations show a by no means complete, but none the less fairly representative, range of his pieces. It will be noticed that his normal treatment of handles is quite distinctive.



3. A SOUP-TUREEN AND STAND, AND SAUCE-TUREENS—ALL DESIGNED BY THE SILVERSMITH PAUL STORR: REGENCY PERIOD SILVER WITH DETAILS OF DECORATION SIMILAR TO THAT OF THE PIECE IN FIG. 5—THE STAND WITH TYPICAL "EMPIRE" FEET.

from what he has left. It may seem odd to choose a whacking great urn (Fig. 5)—that least intimate of objects—as illustrating as well as anything the character of Storr, but it is as good evidence as we possess up to the present. Regency design is not to everybody's taste, but not the most austere critic can fail to admire the uncanny perfection of the workmanship. The style is a trifle florid, with its "Empire" feet, animal heads, and floral handles, but it is none the less in the classical tradition, and has not yet reached the stage of the quite meaningless decoration which was the fashion a decade or so later. This is a long way from those rotund, plain-surfaced pieces of the first part of the eighteenth century, and a long way, too, from the severe classical shapes of about 1770, when silversmiths, no less than furniture-makers and architects, had adapted with such gusto the forms and arabesques recently unearthed at Pompeii: but it is very far removed from the twists and twirls and frivolity of the average example of 1750. Elegant is scarcely the word to describe it, but it has dignity and a certain heavy impressiveness which makes it a fine thing.

It is reasonable to class this particular piece among many of the period and by the same maker which seem to have been designed by a sculptor, or, at any rate, by someone who had a sculptor's eye. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, several well-known sculptors turned their attention for a time to designing specially for silver. Perhaps the best-known example of this short-lived fashion is the "Trafalgar" vase which John Flaxman designed for presentation by Lloyd's Patriotic Fund to the



4. REGENCY PERIOD SILVER MASTERPIECES BY STORR: A SMALL TRAY AND A TRAY WITH HANDLES OF A PATTERN CHARACTERISTIC OF HIS WORK.



5. A REGENCY PERIOD URN WITH TYPICAL "EMPIRE" FEET: A SCULPTURESQUE TREATMENT OF SILVER CARRIED OUT BY PAUL STORR, A SUPREME CRAFTSMAN.

All Photographs by Courtesy of Messrs. Harman and Co.

TO BE AUCTIONED: THE DIRKSEN AND WENDLAND COLLECTIONS.



A BRONZE "ADONIS" AND A "VENUS WITH CUPID"; BY ALESSANDRO VITTORIA. (Venetian. Latter Half of the 16th Century. 55 cm. High. Dirksen Collection.)



A GOBELIN HANGING—IN SILK AND WOOL; BY WILLIAM PANNEMAKER. (Brussels. C. 1550. 292 cm. High; 200 cm. Wide. Dirksen Collection.)



A BRONZE OF POPE ALEXANDER VII.; AFTER A MODEL BY LORENZO BERNINI. (Rome. C. 1680. 97 cm. High. Dirksen Collection.)

Messrs. Rudolph Lepke will disperse the Dirksen Collection (at their rooms, at Potsdamerstrasse 122, Berlin, W.35) on April 28 and 29. This important and famous collection includes, of course, a very large number of notable works of art. There are, in fact, 548 lots to be sold, lots comprising antique furniture, pictures by a variety of famous hands, majolica, tapestry, enamels, and objets d'art. The oil paintings include two Tintoretos, a Titian, and "A Young Lady in the Character

of St. Cecilia at the Clavichord," by Sir Peter Lely. Among the medals are several portraits of great interest presenting Don Juan of Austria, several Popes, Aretino, Andrea Doria, Richelieu, and the Eastern Emperor John Paleologus, as seen in the well-known Pisanello medal. Bolognese and Florentine cupboards and chairs are outstanding among the furniture. The works in ivory date from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.



"A VENETIAN VIEW"; BY FRANCESCO GUARDI. (Mid-Eighteenth Century. Oils. 39 cm. High; 54 cm. Wide. Hans Wendland Collection.)



"LOT AND HIS DAUGHTERS"; BY JEAN BAPTISTE GREUZE. (Second Half Eighteenth Century. Oils. 74 cm. High; 81 cm. Wide. Hans Wendland Collection.)



"PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG WOMAN"; BY FRANCISCO DE GOYA. (C. 1795. Oils. 67 cm. High; 49 cm. Wide. Hans Wendland Collection.)



"HEAD OF A BEARDED MAN"; BY ANTONIS MOR. (Sixteenth Century. Oils on Wood. 39 cm. High; 29 cm. Wide. Hans Wendland Collection.)



"PORTRAIT OF ELEONORA OF TOLEDO"; BY ANGELO BRONZINO. (Sixteenth Century. Oils. 55 cm. High; 45 cm. Wide. Hans Wendland Collection.)

Messrs. Hermann Ball and Paul Graupe have arranged to sell the collection of Dr. Hans Wendland (at Viktoriastrasse 29) in Berlin on April 24 and 25. This collection, which adorned Dr. Wendland's private house at Lugano, has a practical, almost a domestic rather than an antiquarian character, and is rich in furniture, decorative bronzes, table silver, and porcelain. Important pictures are not lacking, however; their variety indicates a remarkably catholic taste. The catalogue mentions

a number of works by the German painters of the later Middle Ages; examples of the work of Bronzino, Guido Reni, Guardi, Paul and Cornelis de Vos, Jordaens, Poussin, Greuze, and Goya, to mention only a few names; and, among the modern masters, Alfred Stevens, Manet, Cézanne, Sisley, Renoir, Matisse, Derain, Utrillo, and Braque. Antonis Mor is probably better known to English people as the Sir Antonio More who painted the portrait of Sir Thomas Gresham in the London Portrait Gallery.

The World of the Theatre.

THE POPULARITY OF THE SPECTACLE IN THE THEATRE.

THAT sensitive barometer of the popular taste—the box office—seems to be set steadily fair when some form of spectacular show fills the stage. Revue and musical comedy, with their glittering superficial attractions, are not to be despised, and their popularity is in no sense a reproach to the practical intelligence of the people. It is a proud achievement to fill the theatre in these days of kinema competition, and it is a prouder one that in this particular field the film stands beaten. If you ask me why, I shall answer that not all the wealth and resources of Hollywood could provide what the theatre can offer—the living personality and the living voice. The kinema has realised its mistake. It has exhausted its all-singing, all-dancing revues. It has discovered that this province can only be exploited successfully by the stage, and to-day in the luxury West-End kinemas there is not one spectacular musical show on the talkie-screen.

But look round the West-End theatres. "The Song of the Drum" continues to run triumphantly at Drury Lane—the home of spectacular shows. Mr. Jack Buchanan puts up "House Full" outside the Hippodrome, where his "Stand Up and Sing" seems like staying a long while yet. At the Piccadilly, "Folly To Be Wise" is an unqualified success, both as a revue and as a box-office proposition. "The Chelsea Follies" has run into a second edition, and the patrons of the Victoria Palace find it as good as the first. "Ever Green," at the Adelphi, has exhausted the adjectives of praise, for Mr. C. B. Cochran never put on a more wonderful spectacle. The phenomenal run of "Bitter Sweet" has not yet ended. "Wonder Bar," at the Savoy, still keeps its doors open. "Tantivy Towers," having drawn the town to Hammersmith, now comes to the New to continue its conquests. Daly's opens again with revivals of its former glories, and "The Belle of New York" is to be the forerunner of a sequence of light operas, full of tinkling music and twinkling toes; and the Coliseum, which has filled such an envied place in the world of the music hall—that famous stage upon which the most distinguished artists of stage, screen, and vaudeville have appeared—is now the home of "White Horse Inn"—a spectacle full of delights for the eye and a musical comedy fashioned from an old German farce with all the appeals to ear and to the simple broad popular taste that a skilful combination of musicians, librettists, lyric-writers, dance-producers, scene-painters, and artists can devise.

There is no room for despair in a theatre where such fine plays as "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," at the Queen's; "After All," at the Criterion; "The Improper Duchess," at the Globe; "The Silver Box," at the Duke of York's; and "The Circle," at the Vaudeville, have settled down to established successes—and this by no means exhausts the list of intelligent and worth-while pieces; for remember, that though

plays come and go sometimes with tragic suddenness—tragic when we think of the waste of time and money and the ill-fortune of the actors and actresses—the good plays, as a general rule, stay.



THE NOTABLE NEW THEATRICAL SPECTACLE AT THE LONDON COLISEUM: A COLOURFUL SCENE FROM THE "WHITE HORSE INN," A MUSICAL PLAY SET IN TYROL AND REMARKABLE FOR ITS "THREE-DIMENSIONAL" PRODUCTION.

What is it that musical comedy and revue offer? First and foremost, a way of escape from the drab monotony of everyday life. Their entertainment

is a distraction which makes no demand on the vigorous employment of the faculties, and it provides a genial outlet for superfluous energy. We may affect a superior attitude and, like Hippolyta, say, as she watched the sentimental absurdities of Pyramus and Thisbe, "This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard"; but we shall not pass that comment in the theatre. Why? Because we are one with an audience. We do not sit back detached and individual. Personal variations are smoothed out in a general associative feeling. As individuals we are simpler, less controlled by the analytical processes of the mind; more receptive and plastic being one of a crowd. That is why musical comedy

needs a theatre of some size, and revue, if it dares to mix sentiment with its cynicism, must see to it that the audience is large enough to submerge the individual in us. The whole end of musical comedy is to please the average man—the average man whose life is preoccupied with getting and spending, but who is dimly conscious that he must get out of the humdrum somehow sometimes. It recognises that not by subtle interplay of ideas, but by an "assault upon his feelings"—the phrase is Stevenson's—is this quickest achieved. It boisterously asserts that "all's well that ends well." It provides a panorama of colour and movement; it strings together in a revue a varied set of gay, sparkling items and gives them the glow of physical energy or the nip

of witty comment; it uses musical comedy with its tuneful ditties, its vivacious comédiennes, its irresponsible fooleries, its chorus of pretty girls to decorate with their dance and blended voice a sentimental story.

After all, sentiment is a genuine emotion, and by such glamorous expedients we can relish it. To touch the chords of sentiment truly and surely is one of the most difficult things in literature or in drama, and when it is done we get an abiding and precious thing. But the chief virtue of musical comedy and revue is its ephemeral character. It cheats the hours for an evening, and if we come away with a tune or a ditty, or the exhilarating memory of a picturesque setting, we have added something to the routine of everyday life that is not altogether worthless. It is as necessary to forget as it is to remember. Hamlet had something to say on too much thinking—"That way madness lies."

Of course, popular entertainment, like popular literature, has the tendency to substitute the cruder appeals for the higher emotions. The pageant on the "long bare platform" of the Elizabethan stage was evoked in the mind of the beholder, and not by tricks of lighting or the craft of the scene-designer. The "insubstantial pageant" of Prospero, that magic created by superb poetry, that imaginative flight which Shakespeare could take, is not possible to-day. Language has lost its richness; our very dress has lost its colour. The cultured aristocrat



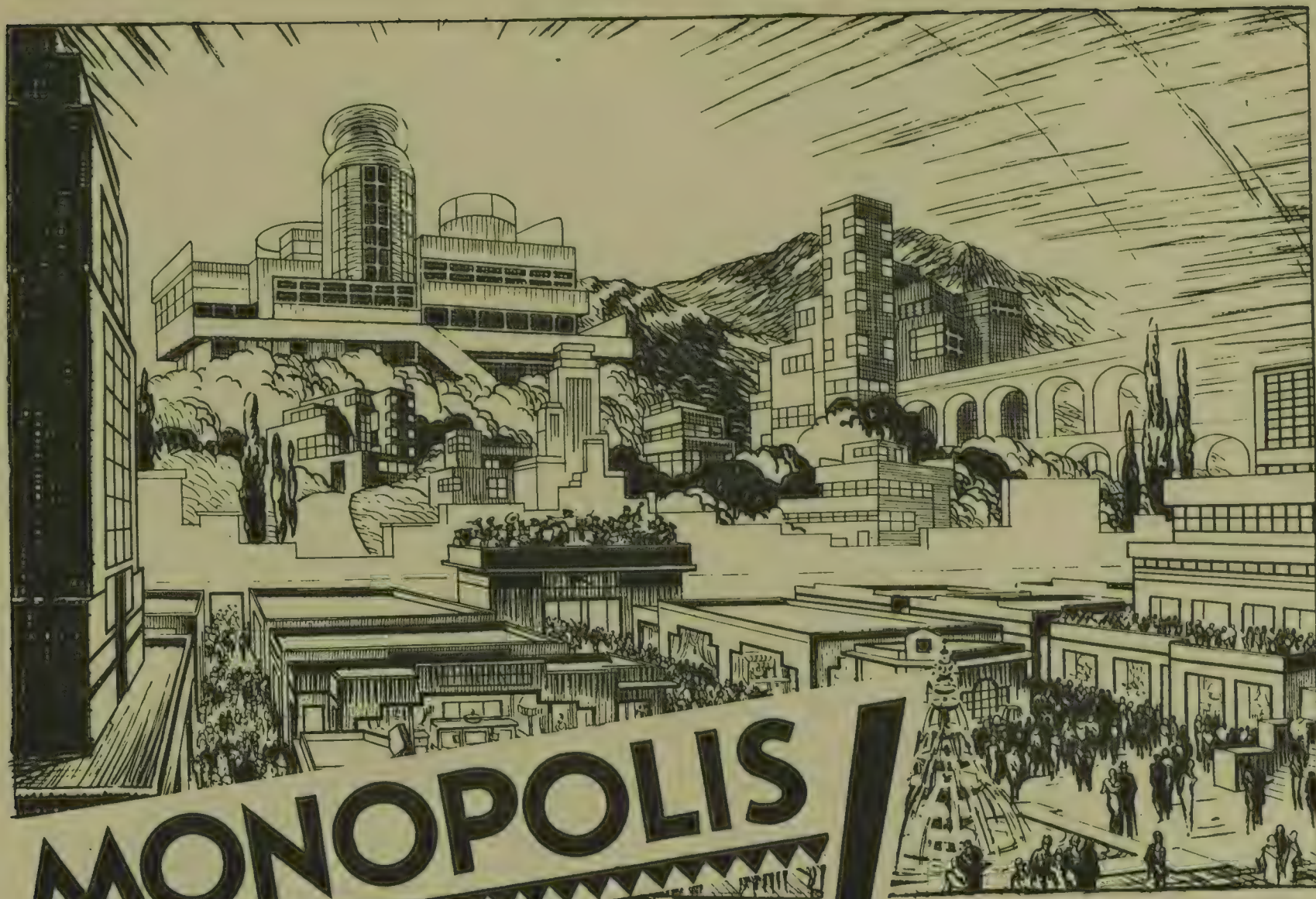
"AUTUMN CROCUS," THE NEW PLAY WITH A TYROLEAN SETTING AT THE LYRIC, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE: IN THE LIVING-ROOM OF THE ROTE HIRSCH INN.

In the photograph are (from left to right) Mr. George Zucco, Miss May Agate, Mr. Frederick Ranalow, Mr. Jack Hawkins, Mr. Francis Lederer, and Miss Fay Compton. The play is by C. L. Anthony (Miss Dodie Smith).

could dictate to the groundlings. The spiritual fervour which animated that great creative age has long since spent itself. This change is reflected in the very equipment of the modern theatre. By the dexterous use of the effects which it can create, the illusion is no longer left for the mind of the spectator to evoke. Prospero's wand is a matter for the scene-designer and the lighting expert. But the theatre of spectacle succeeds in its purpose. It takes us out of the street and out of ourselves. Its colour, its music, its gaiety, and its romance may be only a superficial glitter, but it is on the side of sanity. For those who read the signs of the times in the theatre with a despairing gesture, let me remind them that Burke somewhere speaks of a "fundamental integrity" in man. There is, and there always has been, a sort of collective reasonableness which constantly asserts itself. It strikes the balance in the theatre, as I have already pointed out; for, parallel with the success of musical comedy and revue, we have the success of good plays. And this growing popularity of the purely spectacular in the theatre is not unhealthy, for it is the outward expression of a need—the need for glamour in a world that is drab enough; the need for romance in a world that is cynical enough; the need for forgetting in a world that has all too much to remember. And what springs out of necessity must be good.—G. F. H.



THE REVIVAL OF "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK," AT DALY'S THEATRE: IN THE CANDY STORE ON BROADWAY; WITH MISS KATHLEEN BURGIS IN THE TITLE-RÔLE, ORIGINALLY MADE FAMOUS BY MISS EDNA MAY.



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"ALARMS AND EXCURSIONS IN ARABIA."

(Continued from Page 660.)

Refusing the clock was a gesture of independence, but it did no lasting good. By the eighth week, Mr. Thomas "had ceased to have authority." The seriousness of his position was recognised at headquarters, and two aeroplanes were sent to take him away. But the surprising man left his perilous post with reluctance; and at the first favourable opportunity returned to his "beloved Shatrah."

The next adventure he records is his camel journeys in and about the Sultanate of Oman—many of them undertaken in the company of the Sultan himself, who, not less gracious than well-informed, was always ready to give Mr. Thomas the benefit of his knowledge on any point of Arab life and custom. One thing Mr. Thomas learned was that, among members of a certain cult, it is believed that a man who possesses the evil eye does damage by admiring the victim, not by willing him harm. "A man and his companion were travelling, and wanted meat. The companion had drawn his knife and gone in pursuit of a solitary goat in their path, but the goat had leapt into a tree as if Fate intended it to escape. His companion, the notorious possessor of an evil eye, had merely to look up at the creature admiringly for it to come tumbling down at the very point of the knife."

Another incident demonstrates how, among the Arabs, verses of the Koran are used to relieve conditions which among Europeans are treated with drastic drugs: "A messenger came in at this moment. 'Our Lord,' said he to the Sultan, 'Shaikh Ubaid, your servant, salaams, and does not want any castor oil after all.' His Highness, who always travelled with aspirin and drugs of the more explosive sort, looked up. 'Why not? He asked for some on his arrival yesterday.'

"Your servant says that one of the Mutawwas [religious leaders] will write across his shoulder from

the Aiyats [verses of the Qur-án], which treatment he prefers.'" (The shaikh had arrived with a rigid tummy and a headache he had had for two days.) "Such," comments Mr. Thomas, "is the holy pharmacopoeia of Oman."

Of the ills which alcohol brings the Arabs know nothing; Mr. Thomas has never once seen an Arab drunk. As a race they are at once religious and bloodthirsty. "A permanent peace," (one of them told the author, "is not possible. Mutual hatred is too strong. A man who has lost a father or brother or son killed would never consent to peace until he had avenged him. To advocate peace would be to lose caste and influence in a war-minded tribe." But Hamuda, a man who had taken two lives in revenge for his father's death, "was deeply religious and prayed for himself five times a day. In fact, his contempt for people who neither prayed nor fasted was as strong as his admiration for those who slew their enemies." The Arab is unwilling to speak with confidence about any future event without first referring it to the Will of God. "Insha' allah" ("if God wills") "is a phrase that the Faithful use immoderately," says Mr. Thomas. The Sultan told him an Arab folk story, a Cautionary Tale showing the dreadful effects of an unqualified use of the future tense. "When God first sent down the birds from Paradise into the Garden of Eden he did so at night-fall. And they all sat roosting and waiting impatiently for the morrow and discussing their new surroundings. Said the hen, a little more vocal than the rest, 'To-morrow I shall fly.' Said the others in unison, 'And we shall fly also, Insha' allah.' And when morning came the eagle was first into the air, then followed the vulture, and, God bless you, the crested *hud hud*, and so all the others, down to the humble sparrow. All save the hen, for the hen opened its wings and flapped and flapped but nothing happened: fly it could not.

"And the reason? It alone among the feathered

creatures sent down had forgotten the will of God, had omitted to say 'Insha' allah.'"

There is little actual fighting in "Alarms and Excursions in Arabia"; but the "naval bombardment" of the Shihuh tribes is an exciting episode, very well told. Indeed, the whole book is extremely well written. Arabia has proved an inspiration to many English men of letters, and not least to Mr. Bertram Thomas.

L. P. H.

THE SICKNESS OF "WILLOW THE KING."

(Continued from Page 650.)

It remains to say how the disease is carried. On this very important point we are at present not quite clear. It can be said with practical certainty that the disease is air-borne, and it is believed that insects are at least one means by which infection is carried. The time of infection is also not known, but this is believed to be chiefly during the early summer. On these matters it is hoped that further research will throw fresh light. Observation in the field shows that under some conditions trees succumb to infection much more frequently than under others. Thus wet, undrained soils and overcrowding in plantations favour the disease, while with wider planting and with better drainage infection is less frequent. This is by no means always realised, and it is obvious that there is scope for action here. Another plain duty is the destruction of diseased trees. Some of the more enterprising, careful, and patriotic growers are already taking steps to fell trees as soon as the disease appears, but far too few have done so up to the present. The small grower is in a particularly difficult position, for if he does fell diseased trees he may not appreciably reduce the liability to infection unless his neighbours do so also. The need for active co-operation in this matter is urgent. That the control of the disease is important is plain, for the cricket-bat willow is a tree of national importance. Its cultivation is, moreover, spreading, and without great care the disease will spread also. One further not unimportant reason for control is that this willow is one of the best-paying crops available to the farmer or estate-owner in certain districts, and in times like the present it can provide a welcome relief to a sometimes difficult financial situation.



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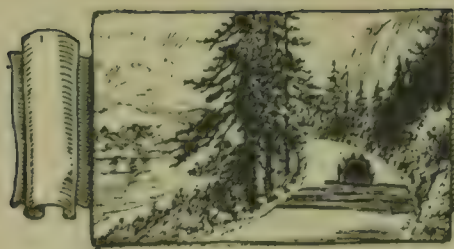
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CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

ECONOMICAL motoring appeals to all conditions of tourists, so that I am sure motorists will welcome the Automobile Association's list of inspected hotels, boarding- and farm-houses, restaurants and cafés, in England, Scotland, and Wales, where prices are low as compared with the more pretentious hosteleries catalogued in the A.A. Handbook. This list is issued as a supplement to the handbook, and is an excellent aid to inexpensive touring. Prices are now down for tyres and petrol, while anybody can buy a serviceable car for a very small sum of ready money. Therefore, the joys of owning one's own conveyance have been given to many to-day who some very few years ago would not have dreamed that they could afford such a pleasure.

The A.A. list meets the difficulty which has faced many a motorist. He or she can afford the car and its moderate running expenses, but the hotel bills put up a bar against any long-distance trips away from home where the party has to spend a night in a hotel. Rooms at half-a-crown a night, however, can be afforded, with equally moderate charges for meals, and the supplementary A.A. list of low-priced hotels and boarding-houses gives examples of such accommodation available.

Another excellent virtue of this list of economical hotels is the county index, giving, under the heading of each county, the names of the places in the county mentioned in this list; also maps showing the accommodation available at the places themselves

of a scent-spraying device with the ventilating system, so that the air is perfumed before entering the rear compartment. High-class carriages now are properly

comfort of the users of this dignified State carriage, which is well calculated to suit all the requirements of oriental royalty.

Windscreen-Wiper Clutch Available.

A number of motor-manufacturers of English cars have fitted the Smith mechanical screen-wiper, which is driven by cable from the gear-box. The connecting mechanism to throw the wiper in or out of action is on the windscreen. This, however, does not stop the flexible-cable drive from always revolving as soon as the gears in the gear-box are put in motion, whether or no the screen-wiper is required for use. A new pattern has now been brought out by Messrs. S. Smith and Sons (Motor Accessories), Ltd., of Cricklewood, N.W.2, for disconnecting the flexible drive from the gear-box so that it shall not revolve when the wiper is not required. A clutch is now

fitted close to the gear-box, operated by a Bowden wire from the instrument-board. With this clutch fitted, the driver simply declutches to throw the wiper out of action. Ten shillings is charged for fitting the clutch to the present Smith's wiper, the latter costing 45s. when new, or 55s. for the complete new pattern.

Sporting Events: Although the wretched weather and a slippery hill rather upset the London to Land's End Easter

Good Entries. the London to Land's End Easter run of the Motor-Cycling Club, the entry was a record one. I believe 168 cars completed the course, though how many won gold, silver, or bronze medals is yet to be revealed when the official prize-list is issued by the club after the scrutineers have done with the time-sheets. Hustyn Hill, near Wadebridge, a steep ascent with a granite-like surface, proved the undoing of many. There are already fifty entries, I am informed, for the Junior Car Club's "Double Twelve" hours race in May, and the same number has been received by the Royal Automobile Club for the Tourist Trophy race at Belfast in August. Neither of these races is yet closed to entries, so that these competitors may find further additions against them before the closing of the entry-list. I regret to learn that the entries for the Dublin race in June are not coming in as well as one would expect for this spectacular event in Phoenix Park. At the moment, it

(Continued overleaf.)



THE LAST WORD IN CAR LUXURY: A 20-25-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE WITH ENCLOSED LIMOUSINE BY MAYTHORN.

This car has a 20-25-h.p. six-cylinder chassis of the latest type, with steering column in "C" position, nickel or untarnishable steel mountings, Dunlop wire wheels, with silent tyres, and front-wheel brakes. The magnificent coachwork, by Messrs. Maythorn and Co., is an enclosed four-door limousine seating two in front, two in rear, and two on extra seats facing forward. The interior contains two electric lights, Burovox telephone, folding arm-rest to main seat, and companions. There are untarnishable coachwork fittings and polished instrument board. Triplex glass is used throughout. The price of the complete car is £1695.

by means of signs. For instance, at Kennett, Cambridge, six miles north-east of Newmarket, one can stay at the Bell Hotel for five shillings for a double room and three shillings and sixpence for a single one. On the other hand, if you cannot be fixed up here, there is no other choice. But all you have to do is to continue your journey and proceed to Kentford, in Suffolk, which is only 4½ miles north-east of Newmarket, and try the Tea-Cosy Café. Here the charges are slightly less, as cold lunch costs 1s. 6d., as compared with 2s. at the Bell. But I wonder how many motorists realised, until they waded through the long list of the A.A. cheaper hotels, that by staying here Newmarket races could be seen at a very moderate cost?

The Maharajah of Bhavnagar; New Connaught Daimler.

The "fluid flywheel" and pre-selective gear-box control have further popularised those high-class products—the Daimler chassis. Besides a wonderful flexibility of the engine, there is the absolute silent running on any gear, whether it be high or low, direct or indirect. No car can better their silky performance, so it is not surprising that some of India's Princes are choosing Daimlers as their new season's carriage. The Connaught Motor and Carriage Co., Ltd., have just completed a Daimler *de luxe* enclosed limousine for the Maharajah of Bhavnagar. The richness of the red, gold, and black damask of the upholstery and the "shot" pile silk roof-lining produces a very handsome effect. The cabinet-work of the interior is in Mocassa ebony, specially procured from Ceylon. A real touch of the East is given in the incorporation

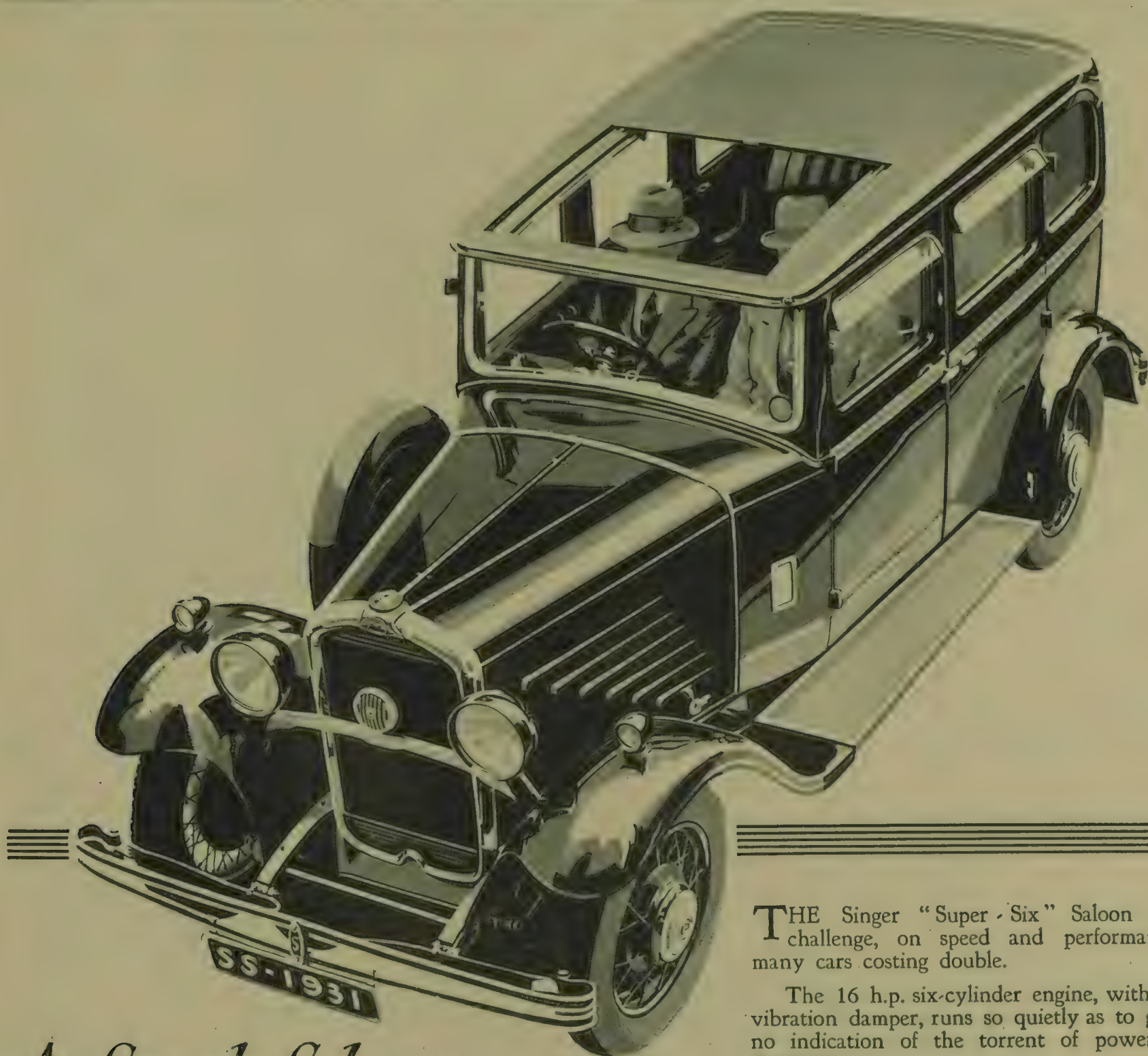
supplied with ventilation inspection windows. In this Connaught-built carriage there are two air-channels in the roof of the car running from front to rear. These are provided with trap-doors, two in the front and two in the back compartment. These trap-doors are made to open to either front or back, and the air inlet is regulated by handles. There are two extra trap-doors in this Maharajah's carriage in which are fitted cages filled with cotton-wool saturated with scent, so that the incoming air passes through the cotton-wool before penetrating to the rear compartment. Fittings included in the interior comprise a folding table, a cabinet for cigars and State regalia, and interior sun-visors. The exterior colour-scheme is red and black, while the running-boards are polished aluminium with ribbed rubber non-slipping foot-treads. Foot-rests, dividing arms, and luxurious cushions add to the



A NEW PURCHASE BY THE KING OF SIAM: A SPECIAL 20-30-H.P. DAIMLER SPORTS SALOON WITH MULLINER COACHWORK.

This car was specially built in the Daimler works at Coventry for the King of Siam, and has recently been shipped to that country. It illustrates the widespread interest in the Daimler "fluid flywheel" and self-changing gear, even in countries so remote. The coachwork was specially produced to meet the King's requirements, by Messrs. Arthur Mulliner, Ltd., of Northampton.

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Continued.

would appear that there can be only one day's racing instead of two, unless a large increase in the competitors is revealed by late entries. Still, it is customary for many competing firms to enter only at the last moment, so as to spring a surprise on their rivals. Let us hope that this will be the case, so that the Royal Irish Automobile Club will be able to run a two-day meeting as before, in place of only on the Saturday, omitting the Friday's programme if entries are too few to separate the competitors into two heats for the Irish Grand Prix.

Semaphore Signs : New Car Fittings.

The high and cold winds which have prevailed in England since the early part of the year have created a regular boom in direction-indicators. That comes from coddling oneself up in saloons and discarding the fresh air of an open touring car. We are so warm and comfortable in the draughtless yet well-ventilated saloon to-day that nobody likes the driver to open his or her window for the purpose of signalling "turning left" or "turning right," or "slowing down to stop." Consequently, everybody who can afford about thirty shillings to a couple of pounds on a further accessory to their saloon is buying one or other of the makes of semaphore direction-indicators to fit on either side of the car. With this equipment the driver need only open the window when actually about to signal "stopping." I suppose the makers will declare even that is unnecessary. But in practice I find that the semaphores are excellent for warning other traffic that one's car is going to change its direction,

but not much use to signal that it is going to stop. The reason for this is simple. Every time the foot-brake is put on, the back lamp signals "stop" by a red light, even when that only means the car is being slowed down. Therefore, unless the arm of the off-side semaphore actually signals "stop" by a large-lettered sign, no one heeds this signal except to show

ordinary plain switch-fitting is the best in practical use. Also, it makes the driver alter the signal which he has initiated, and so makes him conscious that it is completed when he has finished his signalled change of direction. Once round the corner, the switch can be altered to make the arm drop back into its casing.

How Tyres are Built.

It is always valuable to motorists to know as much as possible about products on which they trust their lives. Therefore, I heartily recommend readers to obtain a copy of a new booklet, "Pneumatic Tyres in the Making," from the General Service Manager, Fort Dunlop, Birmingham, which will be sent post free on mentioning this journal. The evolution of the motor-tyre from the raw rubber blocks is very interestingly described within its covers, and free from too highly technical details. Goodness only knows, in these days of fast-moving vehicles, where we should all land if the tyres we fit upon our cars let us down on the road! One reads in this booklet of the main operations in building Dunlop tyres. The illustrations show the plant which deals with the processes of tyre-making and of joining the inner tubes without a seam. It is stated

AT THE WHEEL OF HIS HANDSOME NEW EIGHT-LITRE BENTLEY: MR. JACK BUCHANAN, WHOSE MUSICAL PLAY, "STAND UP AND SING," IS ONE OF THE GREAT SUCCESSES OF THE MOMENT.

that the total rubber-mixing capacity at Fort Dunlop rubber-mills exceeds 2,000,000 lb. per week. I have visited this hive of industry on several occasions, but so vast is its extent that I have never seen all that can be inspected. It would take several days to do this thoroughly. Read this booklet, however,

[Continued on page 672.]

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... and twelve monthly payments of £1:10:9 complete the purchase of the popular 12 in. model. This convenient method of purchase — available for all models — places Atco efficiency and economy within reach of every lawn owner. A Free Demonstration on your own lawn will prove Atco perfection . . . this you can arrange easily by filling in the coupon printed below.

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Fortunately, however, there are still some who dare to defy the dictum of fashion. Having seen visions and dreamed dreams, they go forth in the power of enthusiasm to success.

So with the makers of the Standard car. The desire to progress—the insistence on quality—the determination to satisfy—every aim fired with an enthusiasm that achieves its object.

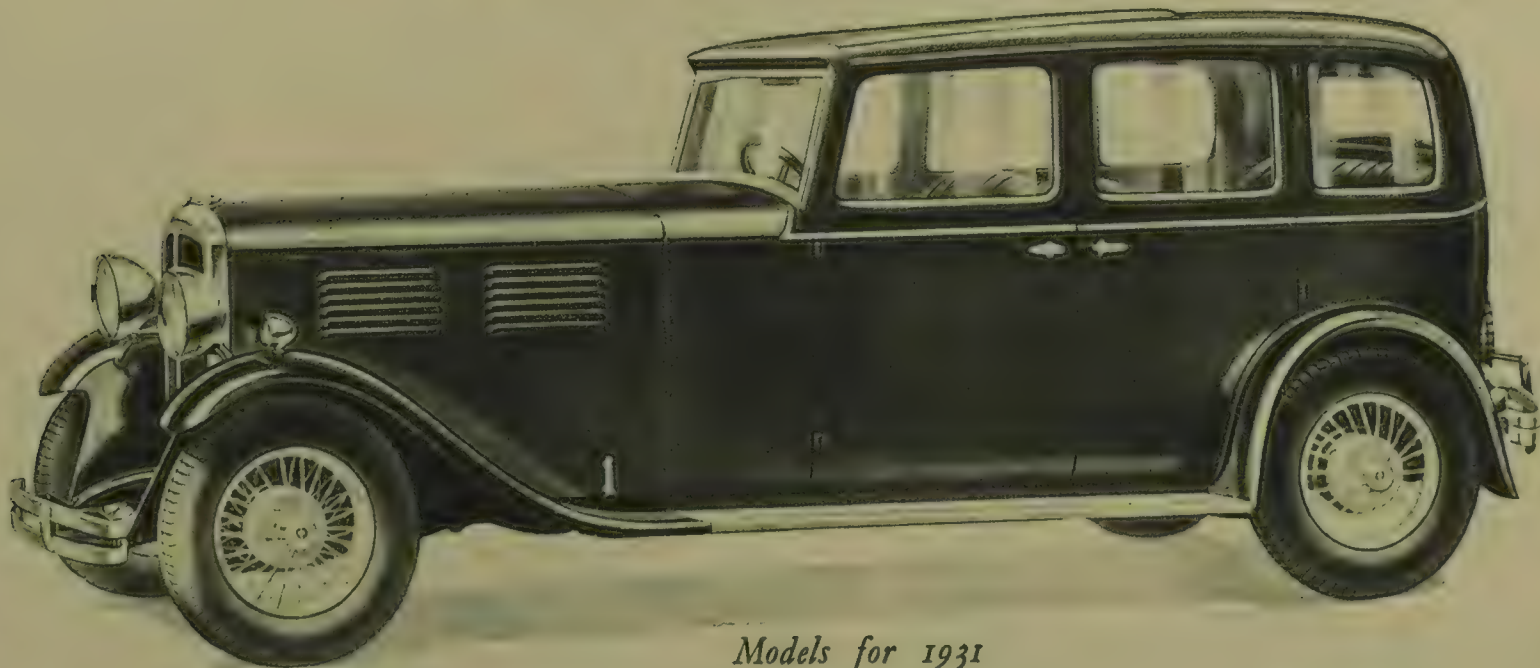
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From £195—£255



THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE BELLE OF NEW YORK," AT DALY'S.

"THE Belle of New York" was easily the most popular musical comedy of its period, and, despite our middle age and other infirmities, most of us who remember it thirty years ago will jump with joy at the chance of seeing it again. The artists themselves are competent rather than noteworthy performers (the pick being Mr. Johnny Schofield as Blinky Bill, and Miss Molly Fisher as Mamie Clancy), but here it is a case of the melody's the thing. What a joy to hear once again "Teach Me How to Kiss," "La Belle Parisienne," "Follow On," "She is the Belle of New York," and half-a-dozen other gay and lilting numbers! For anyone over forty this is the finest tonic in town.

"AUTUMN CROCUS," AT THE LYRIC.

There is a charm about this production that compensates for the tenuity of the story. A thirty-five-year-old schoolmistress, spectacled, and far from smart, spends, during an educational holiday tour on the Continent, a night in a Tyrolean Gasthaus. She falls in love with the innkeeper and he with her. Despite his wife and child she promises to become his mistress. But this is on the mountain-top in the early morn. With her descent to sea-level she returns to sanity, the cold common sense of her travelling companion acting as the final douche to romance. So she bids farewell to her innkeeper—and life goes on. I found the love scenes not very convincing, though the charm of Miss Fay Compton almost made them appear so. But the atmosphere of the Tyrol was wonderfully conveyed, the songs in the inn after dinner being particularly delightful. Miss Muriel Aked gave a brilliant performance in the conventional rôle of a clergyman's foolish sister. The acting, indeed, was perfect throughout.

"FIVE FARTHING," AT THE HAYMARKET.

In "Five Farthings" the author may not have taken full advantage of an amusing theme, but,

thanks to the brilliant performance of Miss Marie Tempest, the comedy is sufficiently entertaining. Mrs. Wickham is a busy woman of the world, charming, but thoroughly unscrupulous. The running of a Continental pension is her latest gamble, when she receives a letter from her son, returning home after fourteen years' absence in Africa. He is obviously expecting to be welcomed back by the grey-haired, be-spectacled mother of filmland. Anxious to oblige, Mrs. Wickham transforms herself, but soon finds the job of posing as such a Victorian model of a mother too irksome to be endured. So she marries her son off, and resumes her scandalous career of running semi-bankrupt pensions and leasing semi-derelict villas. It is an amusing idea, and Miss Marie Tempest gives a brilliant performance as Mrs. Wickham. Mr. W. Graham Browne puts a pleasant touch of character into the rôle of her major-domo; while Mr. Cyril Raymond and Miss Adrienne Allen are a pleasant pair of lovers. Mr. Gilbert Davis scored in the dual rôle of a Scots house-agent and an American tourist.

"WHITE HORSE INN," AT THE LONDON COLISEUM.

"Kolossal" is the only word to describe Herr Erik Charell's production of "White Horse Inn," though it is not fair to suggest that he has Mr. C. B. Cochran "beaten to a frazzle." From the smuggest of music halls, the Coliseum has been smuggled into something so like the real thing as to make an evening at the theatre equal to a seven day-tour of the Tyrol. It is Erik Charell's production that makes the show memorable. The music is melodious enough in its unsophisticated way, but the book not only lacks humour, it tells a very tenuous story. But the colouring is gorgeous. Real rain falls, charrs-à-bancs cross the stage laden with tourists; there are imitation cows and real goats; Tyrolean dancers who belabour each other in a way that makes a prize-fight seem a feminine sport. The gaiety and colour is not confined to the costumes of

the peasants, for there are some amazingly attractive women's dresses. The whole show, indeed, is a feast for the eye that the brain cannot easily digest at one visit. Miss Lea Seidl has charm as the heroine, and sings beautifully. Miss Rita Page, Mr. Clifford Mollison, and Mr. Jack Barty did their best with poor humorous material.

"BLACK COFFEE," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

Of modern detectives, Hercule Poirot is perhaps the most popular; he is at least a name to those who have never read any of Miss Agatha Christie's novels concerning him—which is fame. "Black Coffee" is an efficient and interesting detective drama. The author plays fair enough; the clues, one finds on reflection, are all there, though the personality of the real murderer is not given sufficient prominence until the vital third act. To follow Mr. Charles Laughton in a rôle is "a damned tough billet to chew," but Mr. Francis L. Sullivan made a very good job of it. He has an easy, ingratiating manner that makes Poirot a lovable character. The comic relief was pleasantly provided by Miss Renée Gadd and Mr. Roland Culver.

We regret that, through a printer's error, the statement "turbot are occasionally to be found above the timber line" in Swedish waters appeared in the article entitled "Wanderings amongst Lapps and Reindeer" in our issue of March 28. Obviously, "turbot" should have read *burbot*.

The London and North Eastern Railway Company are about to carry out some improvements to the Scarborough passenger station. In order to relieve the congestion which takes place at the ticket barrier at busy times during the summer months, the station portico will be converted into a booking-office and the booking-hall circulating area enlarged. The enquiry office situate outside the station is to be transferred to a new site adjacent to the booking-office.



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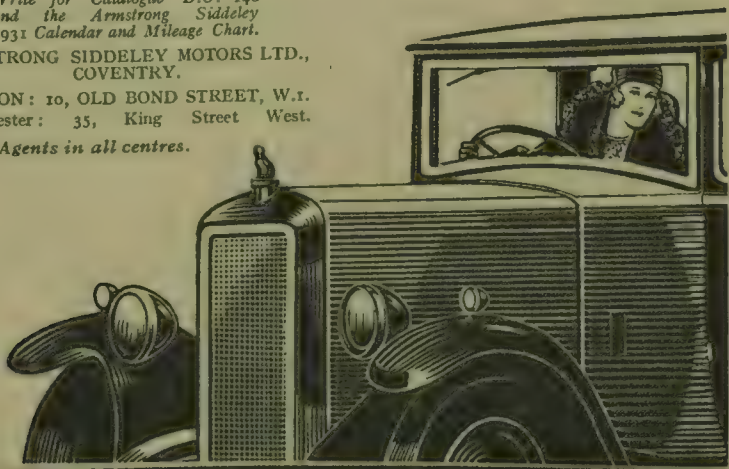
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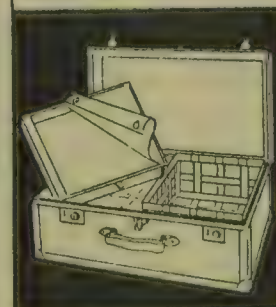
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MARINE CARAVANNING.—CXXIII.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPTON, R.N.

WHEN Easter has passed, yacht-yards become busy, for the fitting-out of boats is the order of the day. This year, however, owing to the trade depression, fears are expressed on all sides that many owners of large yachts will not commission their vessels. If this happens to any great extent, there is some likelihood that the demand for small craft for chartering will become brisk, for they will be required to take the place, for the time being, of their large sisters. The additional popularity thus created of small and medium-sized craft should be a blessing to yachting generally, for it will reduce the number of "passenger yachtsmen" of the type who know and care nothing of ships, and are only ornaments. In small vessels everyone must lend a hand and be useful, and this entails some nautical knowledge.

As harbours become more and more crowded with the ever-increasing numbers of yachts, it is not sufficient for those who indulge in yachting to be proficient only in handling and looking after boats. A thorough knowledge of sea etiquette is also essential, and unfortunately many yachtsmen who are looked upon as experienced, let alone novices, are more ignorant than they should be of this subject. I have often heard, for example, "old hands" speak disparagingly of deep-water seamen as yachtsmen. In many cases this opinion may be justified, but,

in spite of this, those who express it are guilty of a breach of etiquette, and ignore the fact that both the Naval and Mercantile Marine personnel have a far deeper knowledge of ships in general than the most experienced amateur yachtsman, who, after all, can generally only claim to excel in the handling of small craft in pilotage waters. Sea etiquette

so can do ten knots in his boat without being a nuisance, he can do the same in his vessel, for the boat of the former may make less wash at higher speeds than that of the latter. The speed of each boat should be adjusted to suit her particular lines. Much unnecessary damage is done, and many tempers ruffled, when a boat is brought alongside a gangway of some

other vessel at a speed that is too great. Not only should a moderate speed be employed on such occasions, but, on approaching near to the vessel it is intended to board, she should be hailed (if no one is on deck), so as to give her occupants the opportunity to place fenders or otherwise safeguard the paintwork on the side of their vessel.

Few modern yachtsmen appear to have much knowledge of naval etiquette as practised by all countries, yet this forms the official and international code of sea behaviour. How many yachtsmen, for instance, are aware that a naval officer, however junior he may be, when afloat in a ship's boat with a pendant flying forward and an ensign aft, is, for the time being, the representative of his country, and as such is

entitled to receive every respect? Resting on the oars, stopping engines, or "letting fly" the sheet form the usual marks of respect to such an officer. If his movements are watched when he returns to his ship, it will be seen that he is received with great ceremony. It may all seem rather absurd to the uninitiated, but, for that matter, so do gentlemanly behaviour and good manners to a savage. The

(Continued overleaf).



AN ATTRACTIVE BALTIC CRUISING-GROUND, NEAR RIGA, IN LATVIA, LITTLE KNOWN TO BRITISH YACHTSMEN: A TRANQUIL SCENE AMONG THE REED-FRINGED CHANNELS OF LAKE BABIT, WHICH ABOUNDS WITH WILD FOWL.

precludes the real sailor from making the obvious retort in his defence.

Congested harbours, especially those frequented by war-ships, are the places where most breaches of etiquette are made. Vessels are often driven at speeds which cause serious inconvenience and sometimes damage to other craft at anchor. It is no defence for the culprit to plead that, because so-and-

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powers which they little dreamed they possessed. The free distribution of 10,000 copies is being conducted by a large Brussels Institution, and a copy will be sent post free to anyone interested.

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That same old dull ache in your head every afternoon—that sudden mysterious tired feeling that comes on you before the day is done, and sends you home more ready for bed than for your supper—it's one of the surest signs your intestines are falling down on the job and letting the waste matter accumulate. The stored-up waste putrefies—setting up toxins and poisons that sap your strength and energy, cause your head to ache, and make you feel as if you had lost every friend in the world.

One of the best things you can do for sluggish intestines is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This has a splendid cleansing and stimulating effect upon both

the stomach and intestines. You can make the hot water and lemon juice doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder.

This is a famous old natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to flush the intestines and to combat the putrefactive processes and acidity. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish. Get about four ounces of Kutnow's Powder from any chemist to start with. Use it faithfully for six or seven days. The change in your condition will amaze you. You'll feel like a new person, improved in appetite, in colour, and clearness of complexion. Years will have seemed to be lifted from your shoulders. Every chemist knows of Kutnow's Powder, and will be glad to sell you four ounces for a test.

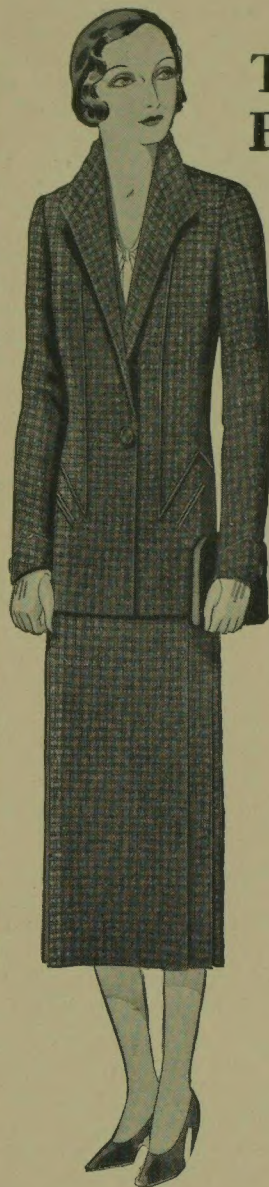
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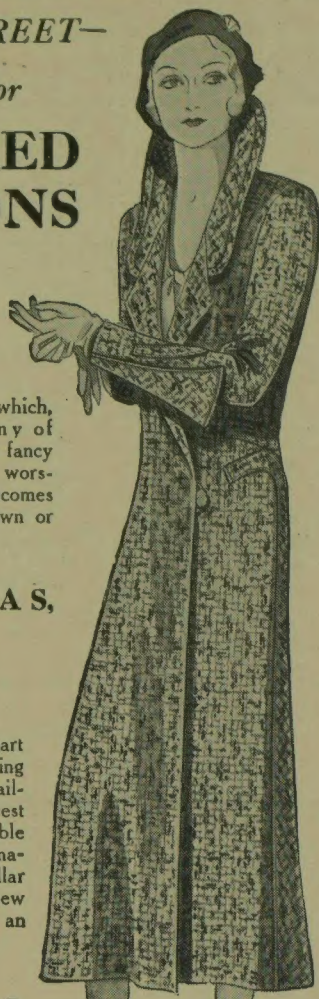
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

(Continued from Page 664.)

and you will learn more than by paying a visit to the mills for a few hours, of how Dunlop tyres are made to give safe motoring to their users.

Poor Pussy! Drivers of motor-vehicles in England, Scotland, Wales, and Northern Ireland must stop and give their name and address to any person having reasonable grounds for requiring it, if the said driver is involved in any accident in which damage or injury is caused to any person, vehicle, or animal. Such is the law under the new Road Traffic Act. An "animal" is defined as a horse, cattle, ass, mule, sheep, pig, goat, or dog. A cat, apparently, is not an animal within the meaning of the Act. So pussy has no legal status on the road, and is responsible to itself as regards risk. I hope cat-owners will make a note of this, as there have been several cases in which motorists have paid money to owners of cats when, unfortunately, the driver has run over one. Every driver hates hurting any animal, including cats, but now the latter need not be paid for nor the car stop if such a misfortune takes place. On the other hand, one must stop at all times if a constable or police-officer in uniform bids a driver to do so. That also is the present law of the land. No civilian has the right to stop a car, although motorists always halt to the signals of an A.A. scout or an R.A.C. road guide.

MARINE CARAVANNING.—CXXIII.

(Continued from Page 670.)

etiquette of the sea has grown up, of course, through the centuries, and is not all purely ceremonious in character, for it has its utility side as well in that much of it has been devised to prevent unnecessary damage. In this connection, it is bad manners to make fast to the moorings belonging to someone else unless it is known that they are strong enough to hold the ship. It is bad seamanship also, for the ship becomes endangered if dragging occurs, and damage is done to the property of others as well. It goes without saying, of course, that, if the rightful owner appears, the moorings must be vacated at once if they have been made use of in this way, and due apology offered.

When making fast alongside another yacht, steps should always be taken by the new arrival to ensure that no strain is placed on the securing lines of the other boat. In other words, if the latter is at moorings, the newcomer should make fast direct to them; while in the case of a jetty, the securing lines should be made fast ashore rather than to the other vessel. This is not only good seamanship, but good manners also.

Great numbers of people have never seriously considered a summer holiday at sea, mainly because they have thought it would prove too costly.

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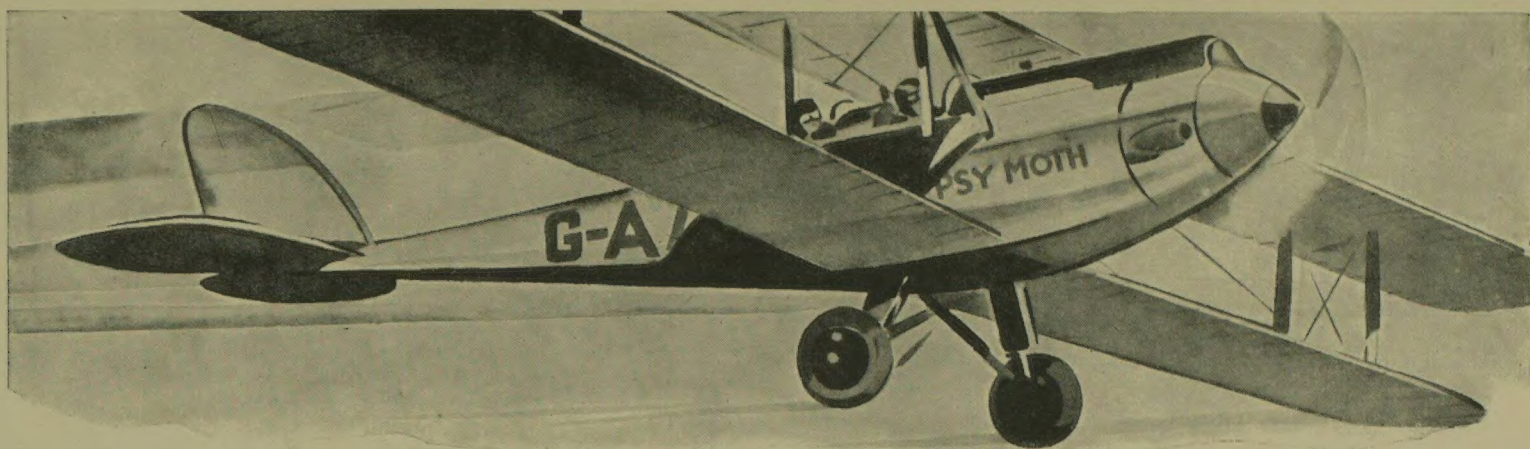
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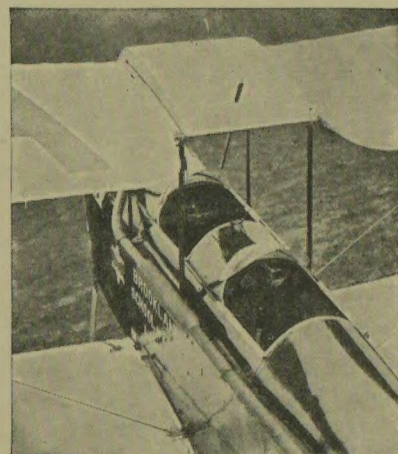
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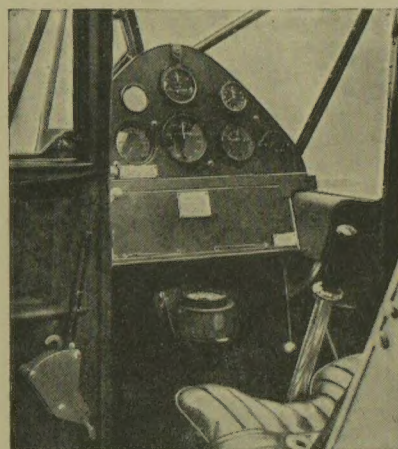
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*The cockpit of an instructional 'plane.
By courtesy of Brooklands School
of Flying Limited.*



*The last word! The cabin of a D.H.
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